

# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XX.—No. 503.

[REGISTERED AT THE  
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25th. 1906.

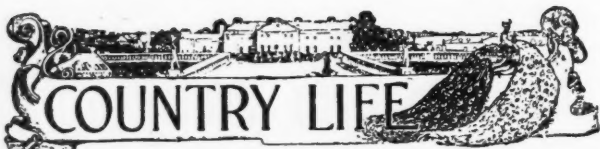
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SPEAIGHT.

157, New Bond Street, W.

THE MARCHIONESS OF EXETER AND HER CHILDREN.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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### EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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## COUNTY COUNCILS & THE AGRICULTURIST.

WE are inclined to think that a rather notable departure, in the direction of a greatly increased usefulness, has been made by the Gloucestershire County Council in its agricultural experiments. The county of Gloucestershire has been associated, perhaps, for a greater length of time than any other with agricultural experiment and training, for it is at or near Cirencester that an Agricultural College was established, which we believe to be the first, as well as the most considerable, of its kind; and its practical value in imbuing with some measure of the requisite knowledge of the chemical properties of different soils, and their varying capacity for supplying the requisite ingredients for the food of different kinds of crops, the many land-agents and others who have passed through its courses must be quite impossible to gauge, but must certainly be very great. Perhaps it is due to the good object-lesson afforded by this college that the Gloucestershire County Council has been making experiments on the constituent elements of the different kinds of soil within its boundaries; has been instituting classes for young farmers and any who like to attend for instruction in the results of these experiments, and the practical deductions to be drawn from them; and (which is perhaps the most satisfactory feature in the whole affair) that the farmers appear to be ready and willing to avail themselves of the opportunities thus afforded.

This is not the place, nor would there here be the scope, to go into all the details of the experiments and the methods of instruction, and so on, as they are detailed in the report of the committee of the council. The broad interest of it all is that it is such a hopeful sign of the times. The farmer has ever been a man who is very much disposed to follow in the furrow which tradition has marked out for him; it is difficult for him to adapt himself to new ideas or to changing conditions, or to perceive that they have any possible virtue. In this connection it is to be noted that those who are most willing to avail themselves of the opportunities which the Gloucestershire County Council is offering are of the younger race of farmers. The older men are not able to escape from the trammels of what they have been told by their fathers. The younger eyes are more ready to look out over the edges of the rut. This is a good sign in so much as it is a sign of grace in the generation which

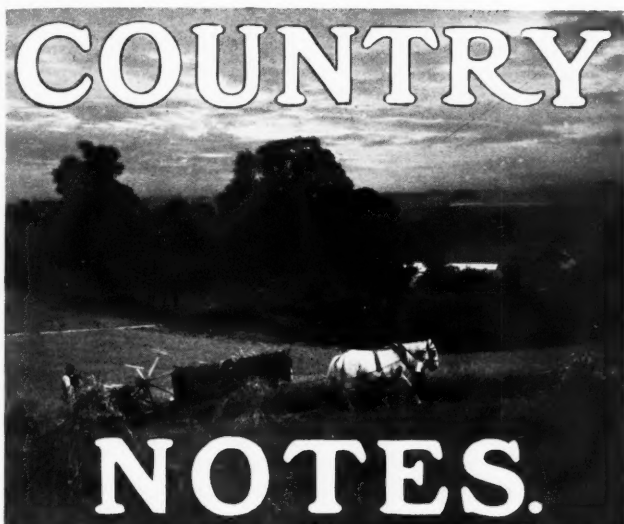
is rising. And a good point about it all is that this is a course of instruction to which the farmer, according to his rate, is contributing. It is in accordance with human nature that a man will more gladly, and with more chance of improvement, take advantage of those opportunities the maintenance of which is in some degree contributed by him than of those which are freely given and, as it were, thrown at his head, by charity. We may suppose that the young farmer of Gloucestershire has a sentiment that he is paying, or helping to pay, for these agricultural experiments, the lectures and demonstrations, and it is only natural that he should come to them with the greater interest on that account both for his own instruction and to see what he is able to get for his money. There is also this converse, and hardly less satisfactory, way of regarding the matter: the farmer and the agriculturist generally are, as we know, very apt to grumble, with a lamentation that is not at all surprising, at the rising of the rates, and they are apt to say also that while the rates rise they reap no benefit at all in proportion. The townsman grumbles, too, but he does see his money's worth, in better lighting, draining, a better water supply, and so on. But if the agriculturist is able to perceive that these experiments, and so on, are distinctly for the benefit of his own profession and interest, then he is likely to be far more reconciled to the rates, and even to their increase.

This rather new departure of the Gloucestershire County Council would be of interest even if it were only that it is a means of educating the agriculturists of a certain corner of England. It is of much greater interest when we regard it, as we have every right to regard it, as setting an example of usefulness to other bodies of the same kind all over the kingdom. We are far from supposing that some others of these bodies have not already, on their own initiative, started along similar lines. We know, in fact, that they have. But this Gloucestershire Council has come rather prominently into notice as doing good work in this regard. It was, perhaps, the first to make the move, and it has, perhaps, progressed the furthest. It may be that those comparatively young institutions, the County Councils, are only now beginning to feel their feet firmly and to walk with confidence. There are many other directions for their increased usefulness as soon as they really feel that they are on solid ground. It is not to be wished that they should be in too great a hurry; the ratepayer already has heavy enough burdens, and he surely does not want them to be increased unless the return for them is certain—that is to say, unless the present increased expenditure is to mean an eventual, and a not too-long-deferred, economy. There is one problem in particular which perhaps the County Councils will find themselves the bodies best qualified to solve—the water problem. In Gloucestershire, and the West of England generally, it is a problem which is, most likely, far less insistent than in most other districts: but in England generally it has been emphasised lately by the long drought of the present summer, and when the agricultural ratepayer, whose land, according to the old Scottish saying, has "gined a' simmer"—that is to say, has cracked till it grinned all the summer through—sees it "greeting a' winter"—the water running to waste like tears off its face—then the tears, as the bad words, according to his temperament, are likely to flow freely from him too at the thought that all this good water cannot be stored for summer use; and he is apt to ask himself whether he would not be glad to pay even an addition to rates already heavy if only some body having authority would take this matter of the winter water storage into a practical hand. This is but one further direction in which it is conceivable that a County Council, rising to a sense of the opportunities and the responsibility given to it, as the Gloucestershire County Council seems to have risen, might do good work, first for the agriculturist, and, secondly, for the community at large. But, at least, we rejoice to see this sign of a more scientific spirit abroad among our working agriculturists. It is a sign that the reproach of clinging to the old-fashioned methods, for which we have been something of a bye-word among our more clever American cousins, is likely to pass away. The fate of the British farmer is really, though he is loth to believe it, largely in his own hands.

### Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Marchioness of Exeter and her children. The Marchioness is the only daughter of Lord Bolton, and her marriage to the Marquess of Exeter took place in 1901.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



**A**FTER an enquiry lasting full five days, the Naval Court-martial convened for the trial of the captain and the navigating lieutenant of the *Montagu* has found both officers guilty of the charge that "they did negligently or by default, hazard, strand or lose" that vessel. The Court adjudged Captain Adair to be severely reprimanded and dismissed from the *Montagu*, while Lieutenant Dathan, in addition to incurring similar penalties, is deprived of two years' seniority. No one who has followed the evidence can be surprised at the finding or dispute the justice of the conclusions arrived at by the Court. The point upon which the justification or otherwise of the Captain turned was his reading of the orders given him by the Commander-in-Chief in light of Article 977 of the King's Regulations, which states that "the captain is to exercise a careful discretion before endeavouring to make unlighted or dangerous land, or to get into or close unlighted ports during darkness. Except in cases of emergency or other necessity he should consider whether instead the service he is employed upon will not be more certainly performed by standing off until daylight." Seeing that the exercises in which the *Montagu* had been engaged were of a nature to make her exact position doubtful, that the Lundy Island lights for which he was steering were obscured by a fog, and that the sound signals upon which he relied were notoriously untrustworthy, the Court has held that Captain Adair was not impelled by the urgency of his service to risk his ship in the manner in which he did; and that, therefore, he did not use that "careful discretion" which is rightly exacted from those placed in his position of responsibility.

That the *Montagu* was in a magnificent state of discipline is attested both by independent witnesses, and by the conduct of all on board in the moment of peril. The coolness of men and officers is well exemplified by the behaviour of the artificer engineer, who was on watch below when the ship took the ground, and who, undismayed by the possibility of what might happen at any moment, gave his orders with ready presence of mind, and has been most deservedly singled out for praise. The admirable attitude of everyone towards the ever-present danger after the ship had run on the rocks must be placed to the credit of Captain Adair, and will, it may be hoped, make the sentence awarded by the Court less prejudicial to his professional prospects than might otherwise be the case.

The earthquake in Chili has seemed to acquire an added tragedy from the slowness with which details of the catastrophe reached the outside world. The shattering of railway lines and breaking of telegraphic connection dropped, as it were, a veil between us and the stricken region, and what was going on behind that veil, amid the wreckage and the flames, was matter only for imagination and conjecture. Meanwhile it is impossible not to feel some awe in considering the series of calamities of which this is the latest, pointing, as they seem to do, to some extraordinary condition of prolonged subterranean unrest. Is there any connection between the disturbances and the sun-spots, so that the former will subside with the waning of the latter, to recur again and again in future? Or is there indeed an actual weakening of the earth's crust over a portion of the surface of the globe, a weakening which must necessarily continue and extend, so that catastrophe is to be yet piled upon catastrophe?

An interesting attempt is to be made to acclimatise the Canadian moose (an elk) in New Zealand, and steps are being taken in the Dominion to collect a herd of both sexes for ship-

ment to the Antipodes. The moose is a magnificent animal, but, like all beasts of its size, certain to become extinguished at the hands of man in any country where it is not protected. To say that the bull moose has the heart of a lion would be but to compliment the lion. If the lion had the heart of a bull moose he would be a terrible thing indeed. But often the courage of the moose only assists in his destruction, and his strength is of no use to him against modern rifles. Even his speed and his solitary ways of life avail him little in a country where snow falls heavily, for his tracks cannot be hidden, and in two feet of crusted snow he is almost as helpless and as much at the mercy of a hunter as if he were hobbled. Both in Canada and in the American States, where the noble animal is still to be found, measures more or less adequate have been taken for its preservation; but if its range can be extended, the danger of extinction will be by so much reduced, and science as well as New Zealand will be interested in the success of the present experiment.

#### POPPY LAND.

All the summers that are dead,  
Seem to flame again, awhile,  
In these poppy fields of red,  
All the summers seem to smile.

Colour, like a banner spread  
O'er the waste lands, mile on mile,  
Blazes, riots; poppy-led,  
All the summers seem to smile.

All the summers that are dead,  
Wake to fire in this defile,  
Lifting from the dust their head—  
All the summers seem to smile.

EDITH C. M. DART.

A curious request was made to a correspondent the other day by the owner of a neighbouring moor. Stopping on the high road, he introduced himself, and said, "I've a pack of home-fed, hand-reared wild duck on my place. They stray a long way sometimes, right away to —, and sometimes on to your shooting. I'll be obliged if you'll promise not to shoot them if you find them on your land!" Our correspondent pointed out that while quite satisfied with the pursuit of his own birds, it would be exceedingly difficult to recognise any wild duck for a neighbour's property in a country that is well supplied with the birds. Then the owner of the home-fed and hand-reared said that he would be satisfied (*sic*) if our correspondent did not break up any pack he might come across, and were content to shoot stray birds. The application opens up curious possibilities. If it were followed up to a logical conclusion, my neighbour might well object to my shooting pheasants that are driven out of my woods, on the ground either that he rears and I do not, or that it is impossible to say which birds are wild and which are hand reared.

Though plenty has been written about the play of young animals, little seems to have been recorded of fishes in this respect. We have, during the past week or two, had many opportunities of studying the shoals of fry of roach and rudd on one of the most delightful of the Norfolk Broads—happily a private one. Here these shoals, which are of considerable size, break up into small parties, swimming, when the sun is at its highest, at the top of the water, and performing the strangest of evolutions, or, rather, revolutions, one after the other revolving on its long axis as though turning on some invisible spit. As the silver side and white under parts turn upwards and disappear, they flash and flash again in the sun like so many heliographs. Now and again one will remain back downwards for a second or two before righting itself. Now this peculiar turning movement is one which we do not remember having seen in the adults of this or any other species. It is probably a form of play, but it differs from the play of other animals, in that, at first sight, it has no bearing on the later life of the creature—that is to say, the play of the higher animals is a preparation for the sterner work of life. Lion and fox cubs play at fighting, kittens at stalking mice, and the by-play which follows a capture. Young eagles and young frigate-birds, similarly, as soon as they have begun to fly, spend hours in catching imaginary prey. Perhaps, after all, the play of these tiny fishes is not so purposeless as it looks. Few fishes, however, if any, save the globe fishes, swim back downwards as do these young roach, though we may remark that the young tadpole, either of frog or toad, frequently does so, moving with the greatest ease along the surface, feeding the while on matter adhering to the under side of the surface film of the water.

In a summer of fast wickets and rapid run-getting no more remarkable feat has been accomplished than that of Kent when



defeating Somerset at Taunton last week. For the loss of five wickets Kent scored 358 runs in 144 min. For an hour and a quarter runs came at the rate of over three a minute—244 runs in 77 min. In one half-hour 106 runs were added; and the performance concluded with a pyrotechnic display by Blaker, who, making 35 out of 58 in 12 min., wound up by scoring 24 off Bailey's last over—every ball going to the boundary, and two of them clearing the pavilion handsomely. There are occasionally cases in which cricket does not materially need "brightening."

While it is inevitable that the approaching Cambridge-Harvard boat-race should be invested by the daily Press with some of the noisy characteristics of an international event, the right aspect in which to regard it (and it is so, we know, that the participants desire it to be regarded) is as a private match between the two Universities. The pleasant fact about it is that it is a contest between two crews which are composed entirely of gentlemen—an assertion which it has not always been possible to make with confidence of some races on English waters in which visiting crews have been engaged. While the Light Blue boat will naturally have the good wishes of the majority of our readers, he would be a bold man who at this stage would forecast the result with any assurance. Both crews have been doing sound work, from which it is difficult to draw any conclusions of definite superiority on either side, nor is there any such marked advantage in weight in favour of Harvard as appeared at first to be the case. All that it is safe to say as yet is that it promises to be a good race, fought out in the right sportsmanlike spirit.

All who are interested in the subject of the coloration of nestling birds should take the earliest possible opportunity of inspecting the young rheas just hatched out at the Gardens of the Zoological Society. It has recently been shown that the strongly contrasted black and white longitudinal stripes are to be regarded as a primitive character, and this is even more strongly marked in the Australian emus and cassowaries, where, in the ripe embryo, the white and black contrasts even extend into the scale-covered portion of the legs and over the beak. The same law as to the substitution of spots and mottlings for stripes occurs among the struthions as among the higher groups of birds. In the rhea, for example, the stripes of the neck are broken up into streaks and spots, while in the ostrich stripes are only indicated in the neck; but in all probability the embryo will be found to be striped. Darwin's rhea appears to be unique in having a median stripe extending along the under side of the body. Among higher groups of birds conspicuously striped forms also appear, as among the game-birds, grebes, and, to a less marked extent, plovers and rails, though, in some of the latter, the stripes now appear only when the down is seen in certain lights; like the spots of the young lion, these stripes are on the verge of disappearance.

A no less interesting phase of plumage in this connection is that exhibited by the young starlings, which just now are to be met with in great flocks. All are, and for the next week or two will remain, clad in a dun brown livery, bearing no sort of resemblance to the beautiful metallic dress of the adult; but in a little while these youngsters will begin to assume the adult dress, though at first this differs, in its peculiarly spangled appearance—white spots below, buff above. This change from dull brown to spangles is a very gradual one, and presents many interesting problems, though few, even of those who live in the country, appear to realise this.

An important letter to *The Times* from Mr. C. W. Radcliffe Cooke draws attention to the attitude of the Board of Agriculture towards the fruit industry in this country. Lord Onslow, the late President, endeavoured to the utmost to stir up Governmental interest in this great question, and, as Mr. Cooke points out, resolved, before taking legislative action, upon the wise proceeding of appointing a Departmental Committee to enquire into the present position of fruit culture in Great Britain. The work accomplished by this committee was deserving of all praise, and we hoped for the beginning of a satisfactory support to all phases of this industry; but, in spite of this thoroughly representative committee having been established by the late President, the reply of the now President, Lord Carrington, to the deputation of June last was to the effect that the Government were so pledged to economy that he could not venture to ask the Treasury for even the small sums required. The outcome of all this is that the Board of Agriculture refuses, in spite of the recommendations of this committee of experts, to give a helping hand to promote the cultivation of fruit in this country. Such a judgment must seem strange to fruit-growers in France and America, in which countries agriculture and horticulture receive direct proofs of sympathy from the State.

Two most important decisions were arrived at by this special committee—one, the establishment of a bureau of information,

and the other, an experimental fruit farm. In the face of increasing losses from insect pests, which growers seem unable in a large measure to cope with, this bureau would be of almost national importance, and the experimental farm, the land for which, Lord Carrington stated, had been given by a private donor, should be of the utmost service in testing certain remedies for the destruction of fruit-tree foes. The black currant mite has succeeded in almost exterminating a wholesome orchard and garden fruit; but Mr. Cooke writes that a wash has been discovered which destroys this insect without injury to the bushes. The inventor is, he believes, an elderly man in a humble walk of life, who has no means of placing his discovery at the service of the public without disclosing its composition and risking the loss of some well-deserved remuneration. A Governmental experimental farm would obviate all risk of such loss, and the inventor, if the invention prove worthy, would receive adequate remuneration. The fruit industry, which is becoming an increasingly important one in this country, owes nothing of its success to State aid, but to the enterprise, skill, and energy of British scientists, nurserymen, and gardeners.

#### THE LOVERS' PATH.

Fresh flowers brush the feet that tread

The way by many lovers worn,  
And whisper what the lovers said.

A narrow, winding path they thread

'Twixt tangled hedge and golden corn;  
Fresh flowers brush the feet that tread.

The harvest moon is overhead;

The ripe ears lean toward the thorn  
And whisper what the lovers said.

While other loves and summers sped,

The same undying vows were sworn;  
Fresh flowers brush the feet that tread.

They part, where sleeps the poppy red:

A breeze will strew it with the morn  
And whisper what the lovers said.

The sighs of flow'rs and lovers dead

To their unheeding ears are borne;  
Fresh flowers brush the feet that tread,  
And whisper what the lovers said.

EDWARD F. SHEPHERD.

The process of taking wasps' nests has been very much simplified since those good old days, or nights, of our boyhood, when we used to go stealing forth, after dark, armed with a fearfully explosive and dangerous "devil," compounded, at much risk of youthful lives, of the old black gunpowder, or with a no less dangerous and inflammatory arrangement in which a naphtha-steeped rag was a chief feature. Providence was merciful, or else boyhood would not have survived as it did the dealing with such combustibles. But now it is only an affair of going to the village shop and buying a very harmless-looking little white powder. The village grocer will often give it to you gratis, for the service you are doing him in ridding him of the wasps which come to steal his treacle and so on. He does not tell you its composition, and probably it would not be wise to eat largely of it. But it is certainly safer to handle than the old fireworks. All that is needed is to put a little of the powder in the hole of the wasps' nest. It is not necessary to wait till dark, for you need not stop the hole while the stuff is taking effect, and the wasps which were out, as they fly in, will get killed with those already there. In a short time you may dig out the nest and find all, if not dead, quite senseless and innocuous. A few of the nearly-matured pupæ may hatch out if you leave the nest about, but if you plunge it in water you destroy even their hopes of a perfect and stinging life. It is a gardener's own fault if he has wasps raiding his fruit in these days.

That the hot weather, followed by the almost autumnal nights of last week, is trying the English constitution hard is proved by the Registrar-General's figures in his report on the death-rate during the past month. In seventy-seven large towns, including London, the rate per 1,000 has mounted from 12.1 on July 28th to 17.2 on Saturday last. As is only natural, it is the districts where the people are most crowded together that have suffered the most, the death-rate in West Ham, for instance, mounting as high as 23.5 last week. With our climate, the only contingency which it does not seem worth while to provide against is six weeks' continuous heat. It comes so rarely that, when it does, the ordinary man alters his mode of living not a jot, and then is astonished to find his liver upset, or that a sunstroke is quite a possibility even here in England. Our houses, clothes, menus are all planned for a cool, not to say chilly, climate, and it is no wonder they are found unsuitable under such abnormal conditions. The probability is that most people will perspire, will grumble, but will leave things as they are.



# OVER DOGS—IN ARRAN.

IT hardly ever happens that the shooting of the grouse does not lead the shooter into beautiful country, but it can hardly ever lead him to a land more beautiful than the island of Arran. The island itself, with its magnificent Goat-fell mountain, lies as one of the chief incidents in the seascape of the Clyde's estuary and the shores of Ayrshire, and throughout the day's shooting one is almost always within view of some aspect of the sea on the one point or other of the compass. The island is, roughly speaking, some twenty miles long by ten wide. Lying, as

it does, most southerly of all the larger islands on the West Coast of Scotland, for we need not take such rocks as Ailsa Craig into the account, it enjoys a milder climate than perhaps any other, and it is probably for this reason that the floral growth is so luxuriant, and also that the birds are so singularly tame. The former fact may react upon the latter. Where the birds have such fine cover it is likely that they would form the habit of lying close, rather than flying away, at an enemy's approach. It is possible also (though this is merely given as a pure conjecture) that the nature of the principal enemy of the grouse on the island (always setting aside man) may have its effect in disposing the birds to a close concealment in the thick cover, rather than to seeking in vain for safety on the wing. There are no foxes on the island, and we are assured there are no weasels or stoats—a happy deliverance, which must make the work of the keeper a good deal easier than it would be otherwise—but the chief foe of the grouse seems to be the peregrine. It is obviously the better part of valour on the grouse's part, when this swift-winged hawk is in the sky, to keep closely in its heather cover. A great many people will say that the destruction done by the peregrine to the stock of grouse is really

a good work in weeding out the weaklings; but this is no doubt a matter of opinion, and if there are several nests of hungry peregrines in the neighbourhood of the moor the parents may take a heavy toll of the grouse.

The thickness and height of the floral growth, particularly of heather and bracken, combine with the tameness of the grouse—which, after all, is probably due more directly to the exceeding mildness of the climate than to any other cause—to make the old and picturesque fashion of shooting over dogs almost the only possible way

in Arran. On the days on which the photographs were taken from which the accompanying illustrations are reproduced, the general character of the weather was wet and changeable, with bright intervals; not at all the kind of weather in which mainland grouse (except, perhaps, in Caithness-shire) would lie at all kindly to the dogs. Yet here they did not seem at all wild, and they gave the guns every opportunity both for shooting them and for seeing the dogs at work. The guns shown in these illustrations are Lord Graham and Mr. F. Curzon, brother of Lord Curzon of Kedleston. In the afternoon of August 14th, when most of the photographs, by kind permission, were being taken, these two guns shot thirty-one and a-half brace of grouse, one greyhen, and one snipe. Six guns were out, working in pairs, all shooting over dogs, on beats at a distance of about three miles from each other. The average bag a day at Brodick is fifty brace (speaking in round numbers) to two guns, and, in consequence of the birds' tameness and the luxuriance of the cover, it is possible to go on shooting over dogs right up to the end of the season. The total annual bag on Brodick, the home ground, is about 2,000 brace on the average; and all these are shot over dogs. It used



W. A. Rouch.

BRODICK CASTLE FROM THE BAY.

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W. A. Rouch

SHOOTING FOR BOTH GUNS.

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to be the habit of the old Duke of Hamilton, grandfather of the present Lady Graham, to shoot with muzzle-loaders long after the general introduction of the breech-loader, a practice which must have given the shooting quite the air of the older fashion. This

year, for the first time, they have a few screens put up for driving, not with any intention of endeavouring to supersede the old style, but in order to kill off some of the old cocks. It is doubtful enough, according to the humble judgment of the present writer, whether they will be able to make much of the driving where the cover is so long and the birds are inclined to sit so close, but, without a doubt, the "man on the spot" has to be trusted to know best. The "man very much on the spot" in this instance is Alec Fraser, the head-keeper at Brodick. It is rather curious that he, who has now been for five years at Arran, should have been for three years previously with the Mackintosh at Moy, for in making this change he has come from the *ne plus ultra*

of driving moors in Scotland—the place where the last word has been said as to all the latest ideas of driving the birds, building the butts, and so on—to the place of all others where it appears as if the old order would not change. What he has to

say about the grouse on Arran is very interesting, and it is very satisfactory. During the five years that he has been there he has not known a case of disease. That is the more remarkable when we consider the conditions under which the grouse on Arran live. Necessarily there is not much interchange of blood: what change there is has to be arranged by importation. There is no driving, so the birds do not come under this useful agency for breaking up the coveys. There is very little frost—it may be that the mildness of the winters gives the birds condition to withstand the attacks of a disease which we understand to be endemic rather than epidemic—that is to say, always ready with its germs to attack weakly stock—and there is a great deal



W. A. Rouch. OVERLOOKING THE CLYDE AND CUMBRAE ISLANDS.

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W. A. Rouch.

ON LAMLASH MOOR.

Copyright.

of old rank heather. That this is so is not, humanly speaking, anyone's fault. They do their best to burn the heather, but the opportunities are very few and far between in a land where the rainfall is so heavy. The fact of the immunity of Arran from the disease, under conditions which do not sound as if they were conducive to such immunity, may be worth noting by those who are making a study and investigation of grouse disease and its causes at the present moment.

The shooting over the well-trained dogs, at the grouse which lie so well to them, in scenes of such beauty, is very delightful, but it is no easy work. The very fact of the height of the heather makes it necessary to go with a high-stepping gait, which might, perhaps, be very useful as practice for the treadmill. It is hard work for the human walker, and it is hard work for the dogs, too. The cover is as dense as it is high, and they have to struggle in places to get through it. Here and there the walking is steep, but, on the whole, it is fairly level, as moorland goes, although Goatfell and its neighbouring heights are frowning



W. A. Rouch.

SEEK DEAD!

Copyright.

necessary. The high cover—there is a great deal of very high bracken fern, as well as of the heather itself—makes the



W. A. Rouch.

ON LAMLASH; HOLY ISLAND IN DISTANCE.

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above. The climate, too, is against dogs working for long together, and rather more reliefs and relays than usual are

retrieving of the birds a big business. There was a spaniel out with the guns when the photographs were being taken, and



W. A. Rouch.

A STRONG BIRD.

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his animal was invaluable for finding the birds in the dense stuff. Although the island of Arran lies so adjacent to Ireland, and although it seems to enjoy a fortunate immunity from such vermin as foxes and weasels, St. Patrick did not do it the favour of banishing its reptiles, as he might have done so easily, one would have thought, when he was so beneficent to Ireland. There are many vipers, and the dogs are often bitten by them. The results are not fatal, but the poor dog's head swells up as if he had severe mumps, and he is unfit for work for a while.

It is hardly necessary to say a word of the pictures, which explain themselves sufficiently. The photographs were taken, some on the Corrie Moor, six miles from Brodick Castle and just



under Goatfell, the highest peak in the island, which rises to 2,886ft. The views are away over the sea to the Clyde, with the Cumbræ Islands and Bute in the picture. Others of the photographs were taken on the Lamlash Moors, from which one sees the Holy Island, a mile or two distant, all the while. The former were shot on August 14th, and the latter on the following day.

At the present time there are eighteen pointers, in all, in the Brodick kennels. Setters are not used, and there is no doubt that in this warm climate pointers are likely to get through much more work. The custom is to send out three brace of dogs with each party of two guns, and it is thus seen that there is not much margin for the temporarily unfit; all have to be in good condition. The work is lightened by keeping the same brace of dogs, or three dogs, hunting only for a short while. There is almost everywhere abundance of water for them. In past days it is said that they have had as many as thirty-five pointers in the kennel.

Arran has very little arable land and there are hardly any partridges. There is fine rhododendron cover in the Castle grounds, in which there are a good many pheasants, but of course the grouse are the main and most interesting winged game of the island, and it is very pleasant to see them worked for by the dogs in the old fashion which has become a mere memory in so many places.



W. A. Rouch.

UNDER GOATFELL.

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## A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

IT has been remarked that the scientific novel still remains to be written, but W. B. Maxwell has made a gallant attempt to achieve it in *The Guarded Flame* (Methuen). The author is one of the most brilliant of our younger novelists, and for this work a great popular success may be confidently prophesied, although, as we shall show presently, it still contains much to make the fastidious grieve. Yet we would have our fault-finding qualified by a glad and cordial admission of the advance Mr. Maxwell has made. It is well written and well constructed, the characterisation is of a high order, and a difficult tale is so managed as never to outrage the proprieties or lose the attention of the reader. The central figure of the book is Mr. Burgoyne, an imaginary *savant* who occupies in the story a place similar to that held by M. Metchnikoff in real life. He is engaged when the story opens upon "The Framework of Man," a work which seems to be very much the same as Metchnikoff's "The Nature of Man." But the resemblance stops at the fact that one scientific philosopher resembles another. Mr. Burgoyne's domestic life and arrangements belong exclusively to himself, and they furnish the material of the novel. In his work he is assisted by a clever secretary, Mr. Stone, and a young and devoted wife, while a pretty niece, Miss Effie, appears, plays a part, and makes a tragical exit. Perhaps the most salient objection to Mr. Burgoyne as a representative of modern science is that he appears to spend much more time in thinking than in actual investigation, else how could the author say:

For him, the dead men work—now one, now another, now a busy workshop of them; all these forgotten progenitors who have helped to make him what he is are helping still. These are his real assistants: the alchemist, the astrologer; the sailor, the explorer; the dead man who died in torment while his savage captors danced by the glare of the camp fire; the dead man who gave his life fighting nature in the swamps; fierce soldiers, brooding lawyers—they work and whisper while he sits serene combining their efforts, ordering their force.

Surely in such attempts at systematisation as those made by Mr. Herbert Spencer for the advancement of medical science, which seems to be the great object of Mr. Burgoyne and his circle, the microscope is a more powerful servant than any of those enumerated above! However, that is beside the mark. The novel is not a hidden

treatise on the human anatomy, but a drama of love. In this the young secretary, Mr. Stone, plays a prominent part. He had been a brilliant medical student who had renounced personal ambition in order to help forward the work of the great man. In an evil hour he allows himself to become affianced to Mr. Burgoyne's niece, while unconsciously to himself he has fallen in love with his fellow-worker, the philosopher's young wife. During the long hours they have spent together

at work and in recreation, she has equally, unknown to herself, learned to reciprocate the feeling; and in spite of the good intentions of both, accident makes them aware that their feelings are mutual. Their illicit love is the central point of the book. It is carried on in concealment from Mr. Burgoyne and from Effie, to whom Stone is engaged. Meanwhile, the philosopher is seized by an illness from which he is not expected to recover. At first, the lovers feel nothing but contrition; then as the days of his illness lengthen into weeks, and the weeks into months, the relations between them are resumed. After Sybil has smoothed her husband's pillow and hushed him to sleep, she is in the habit of stealing downstairs to the workroom to talk to her lover. Secure in the confidence and trust of the kind and loyal old man, they meet under circumstances thus described:

There was a lighted candle on the ledge of a bookshelf, and, shielded by the wing of an opened screen, it threw upon the ceiling a pale circle of light with a centre of smoky shadow. The screen had been arranged to guard the light and guide it, and all beyond its narrowed power the shadows held the room, wrapping it round about with heavy veils; to hide its secrets. Only when the red coals broke and a breath of flame sounded from the hearth, the shadow curtains rose and fell across the walls of books; and for a moment firelight flickered redly on the empty chair, the leather couch, the lovers locked in each other's arms. Then again the darkness dropped its veils to hide this shameful secret of the night.

But even his suspicions are at length aroused. One night just at parting they hear a feeble step on the stair. They are afraid to venture out at first, but eventually do so. Mr. Burgoyne is seized with a kind of paralysis, but whether he has seen them or no remains a matter of doubt till the end of the work. He is thrown into an illness which affects his mind. His life hangs in the balance. Meanwhile, the lesson of misdoing is brought home relentlessly. The gentle and unsuspicious Effie has the facts thrust on her attention, and after a few days of wretchedness commits suicide under circumstances thus described by a faithful old servant:

"Whatever is it, Miss Effie?" I says. And she says, 'It's all right, Mary—all right!' 'But,' I says, 'is your tooth bad?' 'No,' she says; 'it's better to-night. But,' she says, 'I was frightened about uncle, so I went to him, and seeing him made me cry. You understand, Mary,' she says. And I went into her room and stood there talking, and she dried her eyes—and she threw her arms round me and she kissed me like as she done as a child, and she says, 'Stay with me, Mary, for a little while.' And I sat with her that night, talking first of one thing then of another like as we used to do, till she dropped off to sleep. And God forgive me! But I think now she meant to do it, was brooding of it that night—poor darling. And that was why she went to see the master. It was her thinking of him that stopped her." And again Mary sobs and wails and wrings her hands.

Then Mary has more to say:

"Oh, it isn't me alone that thinks so. The others say now they could see it in her face. Ruth, she says she's certain sure it was on her mind to do it. It begun over a week—yes, and two weeks ago—crying in her room as though her heart would break. Ruth heard her, and then the toothache was the answer—same as she gave me. I believed it. But I might have guessed. God forgive me, I might have guessed. I might have known there was more behind it, and been with her—poor darling—on the night she done it. . . . And now I'll say it. I believe it was in her mind that you and she fell out. And God forgive you, Mr. Stone, if you spoke hard things to her. So there—and now I've said it"; and Mary beats the air and gasps and wails.

The rest of the book is mainly a tale of repentance and remorse on the part of the wife. Stone goes abroad

and dies. The erring wife, touched at first only with the grace of repentance, goes on to make what retribution she can by doing her duty to the man she has wronged. Never does he make the slightest allusion that would lead her to

think he remembers the past. She discerns it in the end only through a preface he has written to one of his books. The fault of the novel is that the chief personage is too Titanic—too much of a miracle.

## ALL SOULS' COLLEGE, OXFORD.

THE college of All Souls was intended by its founder, Henry Chicheley, Archbishop of Canterbury, to fulfil a national purpose, and a brief consideration of what this purpose was must precede any description of its buildings. In the first act of "King Henry V.," which is practically a prologue to the drama which follows, Shakespeare makes the King take counsel of his nobles, lay and clerical,

of some things

That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

The justice of his claim to the French throne is then debated, and the Archbishop (Chicheley) urges his sovereign to war. When the King asks,

May I, with right and conscience, make this claim?

he replies:

The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!

Gracious lord.

Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;

Look back unto your mighty ancestors:

Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's tomb,

From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,

Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,

Making defeat on the full power of France

Bishop Stubbs has made it clear that Chicheley could not have used these words at the time; but he unquestionably belonged to the war party, and when the King came home after Agincourt, he not only met him at Canterbury, but prescribed a special service of thanksgiving for use in his diocese, and ordained that henceforward the feast of St. George should be observed with increased respect. The words which Shakespeare puts into his mouth no doubt express the opinions which he then held, and it is no discredit to him that in after years, when Henry V. was dead, and he was himself old, and disappointed at the turn

events had taken, it repented him of the policy of his younger days; and that he set himself to consider, as he tells us in the prologue to the statutes which he gave to his college in 1443, when he must have been more than eighty years of age, how he might remedy the deplorable condition into which the secular clergy, the soldiery of the Church, as well as the soldiery of the realm, had fallen by reason of the French war.

His scheme was to found, on a site which he had already bought, a college of forty Fellows, who were not merely to study, but "to pray devoutly for the repose of the souls of King Henry V., Thomas Duke of Clarence, and all nobles and loyal subjects of the kingdom of England, who in the reign of the present King, or in the reign of his father, had perished in the ever-growing strife between England and France, as also for the souls of all faithful departed." The forty Fellows were to study arts and law, twenty-four being assigned to the former faculty and sixteen to the latter. All these were to be students, not teachers. Their time was to be spent in self-improvement, not in the instruction of others. Elaborate directions, into which it would be beside our present purpose to enter, are laid down for their rule of life, which recalls in its severity the strictness of a religious order, and for their procedure to the higher degrees. In later times the wits of the University have made merry at the expense of the Fellows of All Souls, who, they said, were to be "well born, well dressed, and moderately learned" (*bene nati, bene vestiti, mediocriter docti*); but such a conception does scant justice to the serious earnestness of the founder. As the latest historian of the college well says:

There can be no doubt that one of the chief functions of the new society was to equip priests with a proper University training for the service of the Church. Chicheley's language on this point is explicit: "He desires the increase of the secular clergy of the realm, which at the present time is notoriously diminished." This feature brings All Souls into close contact



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THE CHAPEL, FIRST QUADRANGLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





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"COUNTRY LIFE."

with national needs, for the deterioration and ignorance of the parochial clergy were amongst the most serious symptoms of the decadence of the fifteenth century. Not less remarkable, however, is the prominence assigned to the study of civil and canon law.

The precise meaning of the provisions respecting law cannot be easily determined. It may be that Chicheley wished to found "a really national school" in both branches of law; but may not another explanation be possible? If this foundation be to a certain extent expiatory, the first duty of the whole body being, as we have seen, to pray for the souls of those who had perished in the French war, might it not have been intended that the lawyers should do their best to prevent such wars in future—that, in fact, what we now call international law might exercise its influence in the direction of peace?

Chicheley had been educated in New College, completed by William of Wykeham in 1393, and when he came to build his own college he adopted the arrangement of the older house on a reduced scale, and with a rather different order of the component parts. The site selected was at the corner of High Street and Cat Street, the irregularity of which reappears, with true mediæval indifference to symmetry, in the direction of the west sides of the quadrangle and of the ante-chapel. The Warden's chamber, as at New College, was over the gate of entrance, so that he could see who entered the quadrangle, and what was going forward in it; the muniment room and treasury were on the upper floors of the entrance tower;

the library was on the first floor of the east side, which was prolonged northwards beyond the limits of the quadrangle by the hall; the chapel occupied the whole of the north side, with a transeptal ante-chapel, obviously copied from New College, at the west end; and the rest of the space in the three sides not accounted for by the buildings already named was divided into chambers for the forty Fellows; but it is difficult to imagine how they could have been packed in! The kitchen, buttery, brewery, and other offices were beyond the quadrangle to the east; and beyond the chapel to the north was a cloister, another feature borrowed from New College. The foundation-stone of these buildings was laid on February 10th, 1438, and they were ready for use in 1442. With trifling alterations, into which we need not now enter, they have come down to us as they were left by the loving care of the founder, who frequently visited them, as it is said, while they were in course of erection. It is pleasant to be able to record that when in the eighteenth century it was proposed to alter them into the Italian style then in fashion, the architect, Hawkesmoore, refused to undertake the work, on the ground that it was better to preserve

Antient durable Publick Buildings that are strong and usefull, instead of erecting new, fantastick, perishable Trash, or altering and wounding the Old by unskillfull knavish Workmen.

The chapel—as became a college founded for prayer as much as for study—was evidently decorated with all the splendour that the art of the fifteenth century could lavish upon it. The windows



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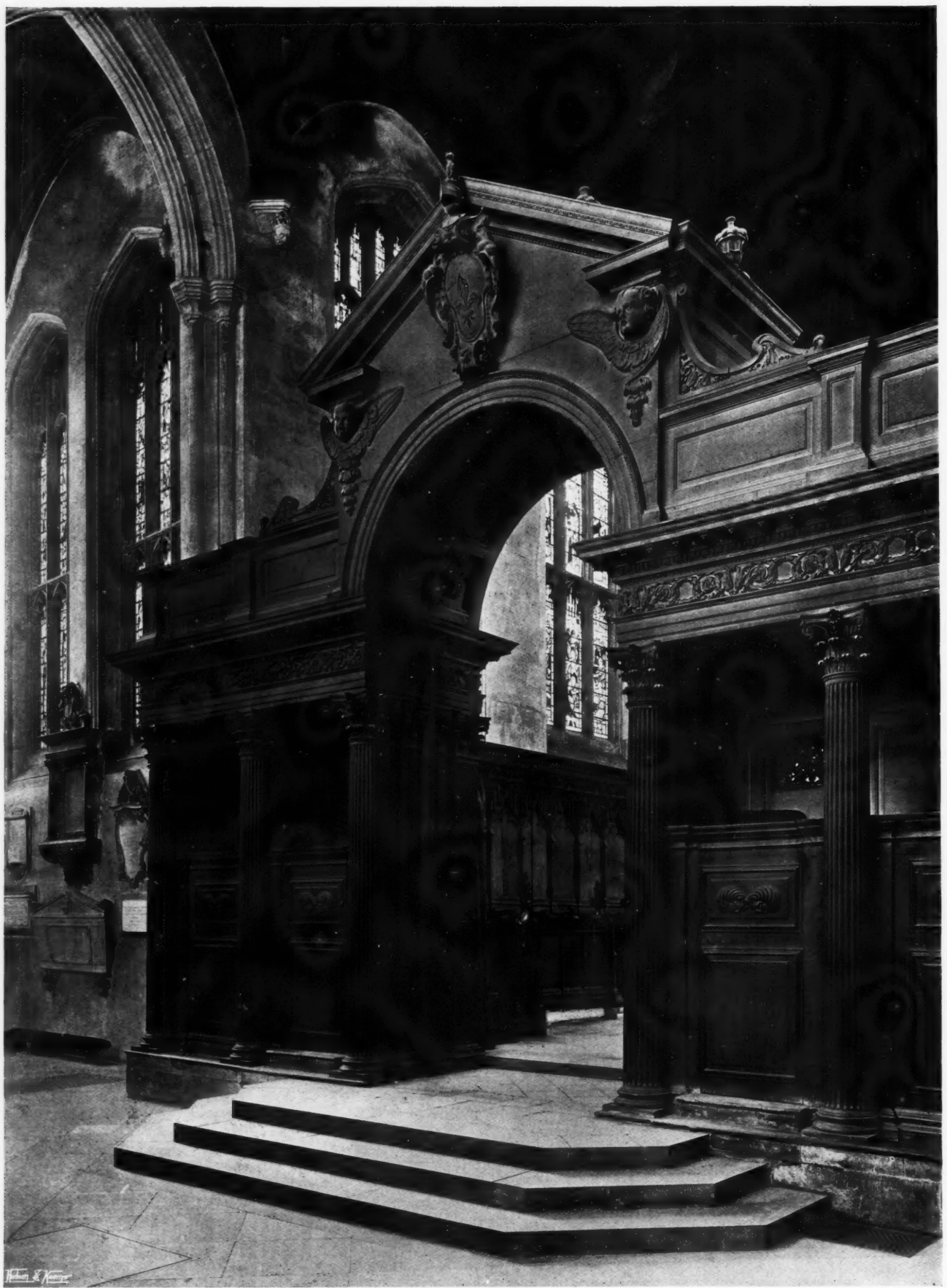




"COUNTRY LIFE."

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SCREEN OF THE ANTE-CHAPEL.

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THE CHAPEL REREDOS.

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were filled with stained glass; the open roof, of wood, was enriched with angels, and the whole painted and gilt; the stalls, also of wood, were of excellent design; and the east wall, in which there could be no window, because the Hall abutted against it, was covered with an elaborate stone reredos. Over the altar was the Crucifixion, on each side of which, as well as above it, were figures of saints, each in a delicately-carved niche; while crowning the whole, immediately under the roof, was Our Lord seated in judgment. The whole was richly coloured with red, blue, and gold, and, when first completed, must have been, according to the verdict of Sir G. G. Scott, "the most beautiful work of that age which has come down to our own time." At the Reformation the whole of these adornments were so ruthlessly defaced that there was nothing left for the Puritans to remove; and when the Restoration came the college could only do its best to hide the battered fragments of former glories. So a flat ceiling, half canvas, replaced the open roof; and the wreck of the reredos was covered up with plaster, on which was painted a Last Judgment, to be replaced, a century later, by an Apotheosis of Archbishop Chicheley, by "the celebrated hand" of Sir J. Thornhill. At this time, or soon afterwards, Thornhill designed the screen which separates the choir from the ante-chapel—"a handsome classical anachronism," which has wisely been allowed to remain. In 1872, when repairs became necessary, the workmen found, quite unexpectedly, some traces of the reredos. The whole was then carefully brought to light, and restored, most successfully, under Sir G. G. Scott's direction, by the generosity of the late Earl Bathurst. Our illustration shows it as the care of the restorers left it.

In the first half of the eighteenth century the college was able to carry out a much-needed expansion, and a new quadrangle, more than twice as large as the primitive one, was built on a site adjoining the college on the north, obtained in part by sacrificing the cloister, in part by purchase. The south side of this quadrangle is formed by the original chapel, which is prolonged by a new hall; the north side by a splendid library, which the college was enabled to build in consequence of a bequest from Christopher Codrington, Fellow, a man who "combined in his varied career the romance of the Elizabethan age with the cultured munificence and piety of the mediæval

benefactors." Born in Barbadoes, his father being Captain-General of the Leeward Islands, he came to England as a boy, and after an education first at a school at Enfield and then at Christ Church, became a Fellow of All Souls in 1690. After a few years spent in reading and collecting books, he entered the Army, served with distinction in Flanders, and in 1697 received from King William his father's office. The rest of his life was spent in the West Indies. At his death in 1710 he not only left the college £10,000, but a library of books valued at £6,000 more. It was obvious that the legacy should be spent on providing a home for the books; and in 1715 the building was begun, after a design by Wren's pupil, Nicholas Hawksmoore. In the following year, on June 19th, Codrington's body was interred in the chapel, and on the next day the first stone of the library that was to bear his name was formally laid. As so often happens, the work lingered, and the room was not ready for use till 1756, when the energy of Sir W. Blackstone procured its completion. Our illustration shows the north side of this superb library, which is 200ft. long, 30ft. broad, and 40ft. high, admirably lighted by a window at each end, and by a series in the south wall. On the north side is a deep recess, at the entrance to which is a marble statue of Codrington, in Roman dress, by Sir H. Cheere. The bookcases—fine examples of the style of the period—are disposed in two rows. The lower row is carried round the whole room; but the gallery, and the upper tier of bookcases, round three sides only, together with the recess above mentioned. On the top of this upper tier are bronze busts of worthies of the college, with a vase, also in bronze, between each pair. The subjects were selected by Blackstone, and the busts executed by Sir H. Cheere.

This library is connected with the south side of the quadrangle on the east by a range of chambers, common rooms, etc., adorned with a pair of towers in diminishing stages; and on the west by a cloister, in the centre of which is a gatehouse surmounted by a cupola. The ironwork of the gate is specially beautiful. These buildings were all designed by Hawksmoore. The dial over the entrance to the library from the quadrangle was constructed by Sir Christopher Wren, a Fellow of the house. It was originally on the chapel, opposite to the entrance to the college.

JOHN WILLIS CLARK.

## MOUNTAIN AND MOORLAND.

**M**OUNTAIN and moorland! The words breathe a fair freedom, a liberty of sight and sound and thought. They have the wind's freshness, the earth's silence, the immensity of space. And in me they awaken abiding memories—days that are written in the heart's peace and the soul's quiet. For we dwellers in the plains love the

high places as an escape from the toil and care of the workaday world; we seek them for refreshment after labour, for their healing airs and quiet sleep. We put off the sordid self of worldly care, and clothe ourselves in the garments of the wind and sun and rain. We are conscious of a fuller life, of a purer being; our thoughts expand with the grandeur of our outward



J. M. Whitehead.

"THEN LET ME ROVE SOME WILD AND HEATHY SCENE."

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J. M. Whitchard.

"OR FIND SOME RUIN MIDST ITS DREARY DELLS."

Copyright.

vision, and mount with every ascending step. Nature speaks to us with a larger utterance, a deeper meaning. We stand upon her heights and are clothed with the wings of space; we look into her distances and behold the threshold of Eternity. Even to the sportsman—if he be worthy the name—there is a charm of the moors beyond the quest of grouse or stag, and a spell in their waters below the gleam of trout and salmon—the charm of the wild, and the spell of the unfathomable. Time seems to sleep in these quiet places, or to watch with dreaming eyes the march of the uneventful hours. And yet nowhere are we so conscious of the presence of Time as amid the loneliness of moor and mountain. All the immemorial years speak from the vast stillness; the silence is pregnant with the burden of futurity. For Time has no part in the busy life of the cities of the plain, but, like a hermit, loves the paths of peace and solitude. This is the insistent thought that haunts the hills: the briefness of life, and the vastness of Time. And may we not add a further reflection: the littleness of man, and the greatness of his Creator. And it is a curious thing that we Anglo-Saxons, lowlanders for the most part though we are, have a saner and, at the same time, a finer sense of the beauty and charm of moor and mountain than their own children. For the Celt, who is supposed to owe much of his gloom and mysticism to his physical environment, peoples the moors with evil spirits, and the hills with ghosts. He fears to walk a hillside path alone when once the twilight has fallen; he hears voices in the silence, on the storm, voices of peril and enchantment. The mountain tarn holds him with the evil eye; it is the dwelling-place of some white-armed syren that lures the midnight wayfarer to destruction. The rising sun and dewy spaces of morning awake no corresponding light and freshness in his heart; the glory of sunset stirs no inward answering rapture; he lives in a perpetual twilight of thought, full of strange disquieting dreams. He bolts his door securely against the little men and the grey sisters—wandering spirits that dwell among the hills, for he fears their footfall on his threshold, and their presence by his hearth. Many is the tale of the unwary hand that, amid the howling of the wind and the beating of the rain, has lifted the latch to a mysterious knocking; of the haunted hearth that has entertained a spirit unaware. But surely it is a perverted and stunted imagination that would people the ways of solitude only with the forms of evil, and the paths of loneliness with fear.

That this is a mood of the moors and hills no one who has felt their twilight glamour with its eerie sounds and enchanted stillness will deny; but it is a mood only, and one that is susceptible of a change to ecstasy and the passion of delight. When the stars arise in their legions, and the wind sinks to a

sigh of sleep; when the moon sails through azure deeps over leagues of moor and mountain; when the lakes are of molten silver, and the falls a far-off singing; when the dews are fallen and the night is still—then the heart forgets to be afraid, caught up out of itself into the serener airs of the starry heights. To be alone on such a night is to be alone with thoughts that touch the beauty of the stars and unbar the gates of Heaven. In such a mood the old Celtic legends appear to be of no stronger stuff than the stories of elf and goblin poured into the curious ear of childhood. But perhaps the casual wanderers on moor and hill—we who are merely visitors, who seek the spacious places for our sport, or who walk them in their hours of peace and beauty—can form but an imperfect idea of their influence on the lives and in the hearts of those who dwell among them. For the melancholy that looks from the eyes of their children, and is a faithful reflection of their thoughts and dreams, is the inheritance of an immemorial struggle for bare existence with the reluctant kindness of Nature. The turf that is a velvet pile for the feet that are accustomed to street and pavement lacks the tilth and richness of the sheltered valley; the wind that breathes such health and life through the blood and lungs of the townsman can change to a voice of terror and a tongue of ice. There are the long winter days when the snow falls ceaselessly, and the frost increases; when the sheep bleat round the homestead, and the worker can but dream. Summer has so short a reign on the moors and mountains of the North that she has never been able to instil her warmth into the veins of its children, or to fill their hearts with song and gladness. And so to them the face of beauty wears ever a far-off grace and a haunting melancholy. They have lived so long in the lonely places that the silence has fallen on their lips, and the shadow upon their hearts. I remember talking once with an old shepherd who had passed his life on the hills and moors, who had never seen a train, or entered a town, for whom the march and progress of the outside world were as wordless as his own mountains' echoes. For seventy years he had seen the sun rise and set in its accustomed place on the hills, and yet his feeling for the moors was not one of love, love of their natural beauty and native charm; he regarded them with the narrower eye and lesser emotion of one who looks upon an inheritance, who loses the beauty of Nature in the pride of hereditary possession. He lacked that larger understanding of, and purer passion for, her mysteries, which are her final joy and peace. The hills were an inseparable part of his life; but in a passive rather than in an active sense. And I think that this is partly the reason why the Celtic outlook on life and its views of Nature are so narrow and confined; because they cannot get away from themselves, cannot rise on the glorious





A. Horsley Hinton.

"AND MARKS O'ER ALL  
 THY DEWY FINGERS DRAW  
 THE GRADUAL DUSKY VEIL."

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freedom of the moors and hills to a conception of and an adoration for the Almighty power, which, or ever it fashioned the little life of man, framed the earth and sky and sea. They look at Nature through the narrowing glass of legend and superstition—an inheritance which has come to them from the ages; they cannot or will not think for themselves; they walk an unreal world of twilight and ghosts and dreams. Environment has never wrought a sadder spell. But to me the spacious ways of moor and mountain are an uplifting of thought and an enlargement of vision. And though I am far from the moors of purple heather and the peaks of perennial snow, yet I, too, am a dweller among the hills. Through my open window in the still hours of morning come the mountain breezes, laden with the breath of wild thyme, fresh and sweet from the far-off

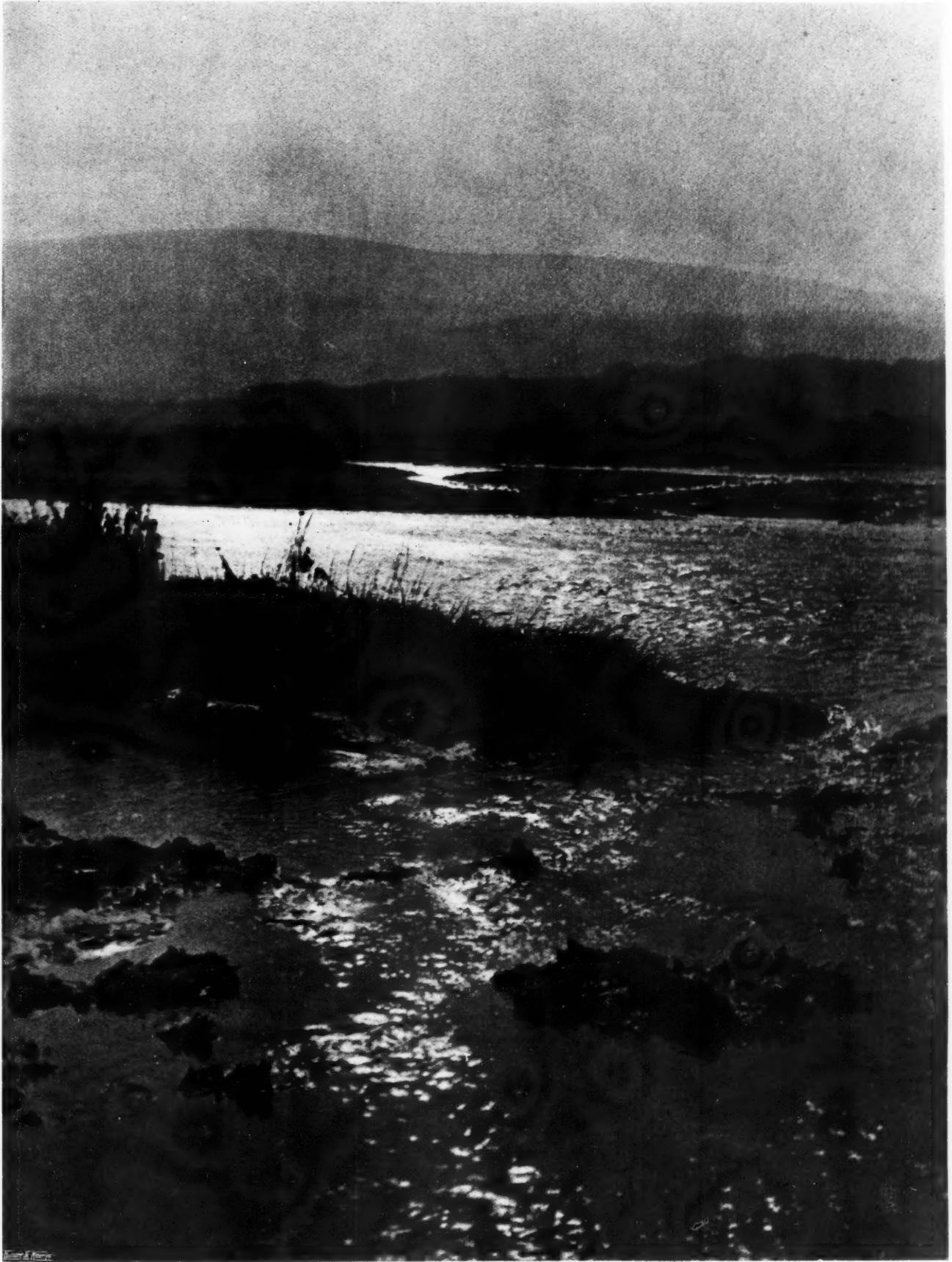
sanctuaries of dawn. They whisper in my heart; they call me to the climbing ways, to the heights where the wandering sheep-bells have a sound remote and sweet. And I arise and go. And for me there are the quiet hours, hours that come and go so noiselessly that they seem like one unbroken spell of Time. The dews are virgin upon the grass, and the air has that intoxicating freshness and sweetness which are only of the morning. I pass through meadows ripe for mowing, over still, deep waters, by lonely dwelling-places. Nature stirs in waking dreams, but the world still sleeps. Even the labourer is not yet afoot, and the earth with its morning beauty is for me alone. The hills rise sheer and steep before me into the blue spaces of heaven. I feel a buoyancy of flesh and spirit. My feet are on the short and springy turf; I ascend with every step. The whole earth is



mine; I have a kingdom of light and air. There is none with right to question me or cast me from my inheritance. This summer day is mine, with its pearls of dawn, its noontide splendour, its glory of sunset—all its long inseparable hours. From the hill-top a fair prospect unfolds itself before my eyes; I see fruitful valleys, widespread woodlands, far-off mountains, stainless horizons. And all these are mine by that divine right which Nature confers on those who love her, and own themselves her children. And so it is that I covet no man's title to field or forest, for I, too, possess them in the perfumes that are blown from their flowers, in their glory of colouring, in their

deep-folded greenery and wild sweet music. The hours pass and pass. Lying on my back I watch the little clouds that, like untended sheep, roam the wide pastures of Heaven. An idle pastime! A spendthrift waste of time and thought that might have gone towards the realisation of that one ambition of this tuneless age—the amassing of gold and silver. And yet, who is there who would not be better and wiser for one blue day of peace upon the hills? For on the hills I find that gold which is more than riches, and which the world cannot take away—the treasure of a quiet mind and a thankful heart.

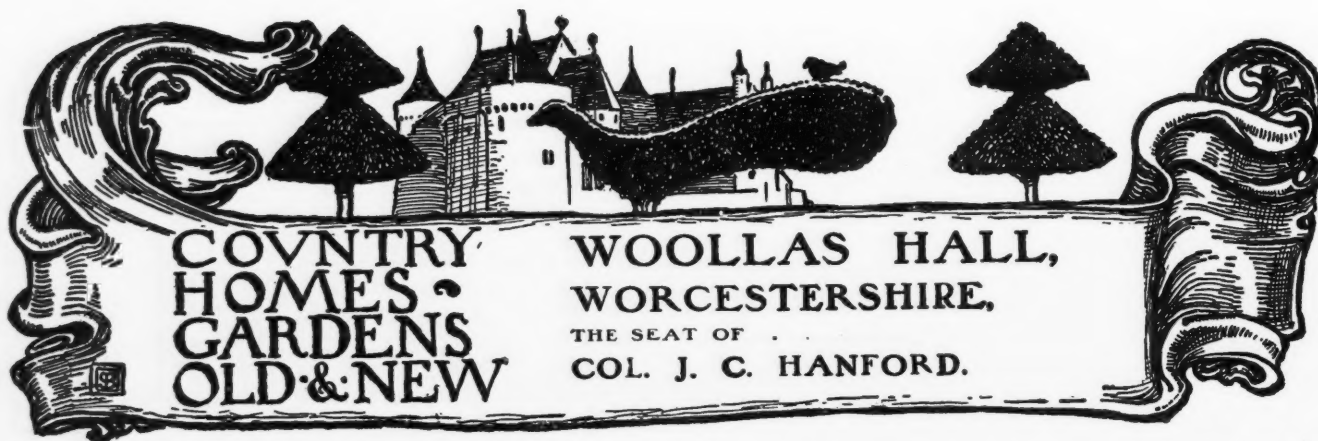
R. G. T. COVENTRY.



C. E. Wanless.

"A HAUNT OF ANCIENT PEACE."

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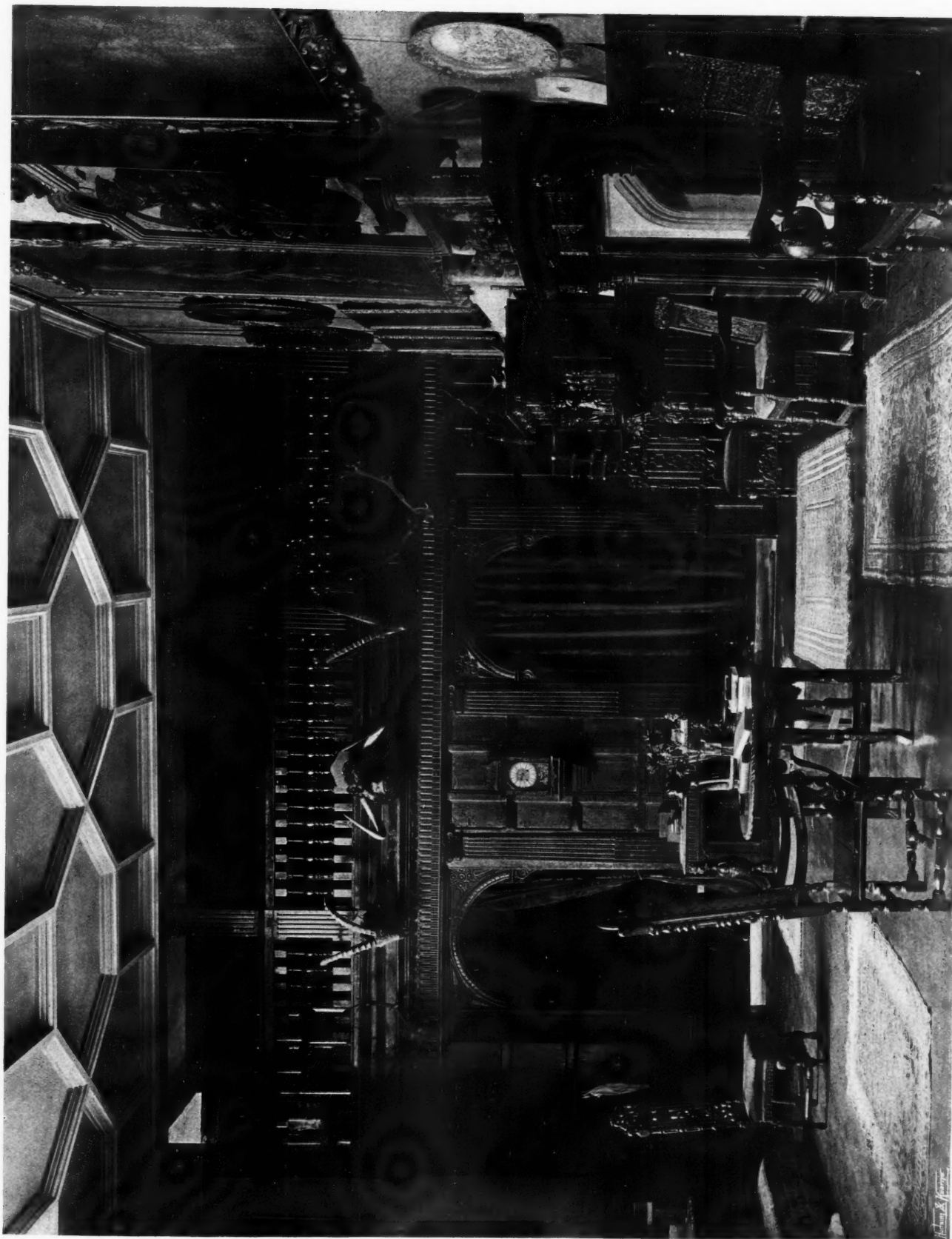
**W**OOLLAS HALL does not take its name from the old hall of the Hanfords. Some maps still mark it more correctly as Wollashill, and as Wollashill or Wollashull it was long ago the seat of an ancient family taking their name from their lands.

House and park lie under the slope of Bredon Hill in the parish of Eckington, hard by the Gloucestershire border, between Tewkesbury and Pershore, in the country of the plum trees. The water of Avon winds within a mile of Woollas Hall, a clear river through a lovely land, and at Eckington the stream is spanned by an ancient bridge, like those at Pershore and Bidford. Here lived the Wollashulls of Wollashull, Worcestershire squires in the Middle Ages, bearing a black wolf on the silver shield of their arms. Of this house was William Wollashull of Wollashull, whose only child Catherine was wedded to a Worcestershire knight, Sir John Vampage, and through this marriage the present owner of Wollashull can trace his line to the old lords of the place. For a great-granddaughter and heir of Sir John was wife to John Hugford and begat Margaret, who married Thomas Hanford, the first Hanford of Woollas Hall, a gentleman of a Cheshire stock. In the church of Eckington you may see John Hanford of Woollas Hall, esquire, the son of

Thomas and Margaret, who died in 1616, kneeling with his wife at a prayer desk, with the star of the Hanfords above him. The porch date of the hall shows that he was one of the builders of the house. His generation may have been a time of peace and quiet living, for in the next there was other work forward than the building of houses. Francis Hanford, his son, was Cavalier and recusant, and such had a hard task to keep roofs over their heads. The Royalist composition papers tell the family history of that time, the Woollas Hall esquire having been up for the King. He was dead in 1650, when his widow, who had remarried with one Ayliffe White of the Inner Temple, was pleading to the Commissioners that she and her husband at least were no delinquents. Her son, Walter Hanford, had his own troubles, and the next year we find him drawing some allowance from his estates until such time as he might clear himself of his recusancy. Mistress Elizabeth White's protestation that she was no delinquent must have fallen upon doubtful ears, for the Parliament men knew well enough that she came of a nest of malignants and enemies of the saints. She was the only sister of Peter Giffard of Chillington, who, although persecuted for his faith in the days before the war, took the field like a loyal man when the King's







"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE GALLERY HALL

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THE CREEPER-CLAD CHAPEL, WEST LAWN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

standard went up at Nottingham. A white-headed squire of sixty-two years, he rode to the gathering with sons, brothers, and nephews, and armed his house of Chillington for a Royal garrison. A loyalist's fate came upon him, his Chillington unmoated and indefensible, fell to a troop of the Parliament, and Peter Giffard soon saw the inside of Stafford Gaol. But although lands and goods were in the enemy's hands, he was again in arms when in 1648 the King's last hope was hazarded, and after the last breaking of the Cavaliers he must have been at sore shifts to live. He did so, nevertheless, until the Restoration, when we find in his filed petition the story of his sufferings and the plundering and sacking of Chillington "by the late bloody tyrant." He died very old in 1663, having never, as it seems, found his way back to his own fireside. Of his brothers, John was a major of brigade in Prince Rupert's host, and Andrew died early in the war, cut off in a Wolverhampton skirmish. George, another brother, was also in arms, and was harboured by his cousin, Dorothy Giffard, at her house of Whiteladies, when the hunted King came there, and after the King had gone from Whiteladies by the back door towards Boscobel Wood, the hunters came up, and one put a pistol to George Giffard's breast, asking him for true news or his life. George Giffard was stubborn enough—he knew nothing; some horsemen had ridden to Whiteladies, had eaten their provisions, and gone off. Charles Giffard, Mistress Hanford's nephew, had chosen this road for the King's safety, and his cunning it was that enabled the King to come safely away. Therefore he was first in the list of those "Popish Recusants" who, when England was furious with tales of Popish plots, were excepted by a resolution of the Lords from all penalties as recusants, for that, "although Papists, they were very instrumental in the preservation of the King's person after the flight at Worcester, and have thereby merited as a reward of their loyalty to be distinguished from others of their religion."

With a daughter of such a family as house-mother, old tales of the war and of persecutions for their faith must have long been told by the hall fire under Bredon Hill, and the Hanfords, like their Chillington cousins, have remained firm in their religion through all changes, and harbourers of priests through those generations when the Roman office must needs be said in private places. Cut off from the public service, these families of the Roman obedience lived retired lives, marrying among their like, with little to occupy them but the sowing and reaping of their lands.

The Hanfords were never a numerous stock. At the death of Squire Charles Hanford, in the year after Waterloo, Woollas Hall passed to Charles Edward Hanford, his second cousin, then of Redmarley D'Abitot, where this younger

branch had supported a school of Benedictines in the eighteenth century. The elder sons of the new squire died unmarried, and his third son Compton John Hanford was the last male of the race, his sister's issue succeeding him. His sister had married William Flood of Farmley in Kilkenny. The present owner of Woollas Hall, Colonel John Compton Hanford, C.B., late of the 19th Hussars, took the name of Hanford alone in 1893.

About the buildings of Woollas Hall are traces of a yet older house, for doubtless there was a house here generations before the Hanfords built and roofed and Wollashulls, Vampages, and Hugfords had here their hearth. But Woollas Hall, as we see it to-day, stands a noble example of the Jacobean manor house, of the type in which the old English hall, with the screens and the kitchen at one end, and the bower and solar at another, has changed utterly into the ancestor of the modern house. We build rarely nowadays with such enduring walls and in such graceful lines, but the arrangement of the chambers of this three-storeyed house speaks of the modern privacy of life, an age removed from the old days of a common hall for the common life. The time of peace in which the house rose is seen as we pace about it—a strong door to bar and window latches to shut fast are all its defences. The English squire in his house by the Avon has forgotten that ever there were wars on English ground and arms his house no more, foretelling quiet days. And yet civil war was to break over the head of this builder's son.

Woollas Hall, built of dark stone, has become a venerable house to the eye. It rises from the terrace walk above a green lawn, steps going up toward the porch, over which is the Hanfords' word, "Memorare novissima," with the date of 1611, a date when the second of this line of Hanfords was rebuilding his home. A bold oriel window looks out over the porch, the house being well lit by broad windows with mullions and transoms. The little garret windows between the gables of the roof show how in these new-fashioned houses chamber-room was found for those servants who in the older house would have slept in outbuildings or sprawled about the benches of the hall, even as Russian servants in our own day will lie about passages or landings. Although no longer the main body of the house, the hall remains as one of the rooms of John Hanford's building—we see it in our picture, a stately room with the Hanford wyvern crest and a great shield of the Hanford star over the fireplace. Its chief feature is its screen of oaken panels and carved pilasters, above which run the balusters of a gallery, and here some fine pieces of old English furniture are seen. Behind the house rises the broad back of Bredon Hill, one of whose streams once turned the spit at the kitchen fire of Woollas Hall.



WOOLLAS HALL: NORTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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## MAPLEDURHAM, OXFORDSHIRE.

THE SEAT OF MR. JOHN DARELL-BLOUNT.

**M**APLEDURHAM is on the Thames in the beautiful reach between Caversham and Pangbourne, where the deep-wooded Oxfordshire bank has been spared by the railway that crosses and recrosses the water. A mile-long avenue of elms leads towards the door of an ancient house, which, though but a day's ride from London, is still harbouring the family which set up the walls of it. When a Blount of Mapledurham dies an elm of the avenue crashes down; but elms enough remain to promise a line of Blounts for ages to come, and clipped yew and spreading yew, cypress and cedar, darken the shadows of the broad lawns and gardens.

The house is of that late Tudor fashion which is the last of the Gothic, owing nothing to Italian fancies. A long line of high-pitched red roof covers it, broken only by the towering chimneys, the gutter screened by a battled wall. The red brick of walls and chimneys is worked with a fretted pattern. That E, in which some have seen a loyal device of Elizabethan courtiers, is framed by the plan of the long house front and its gabled wings and porch. Being but two storeys high, the main house has lofty rooms lit by great windows with stone mullions and transoms, the front taking the sun through many thrusting oriels. Over the stone doorway of the entry are the waves on the shield of the Blounts, who hold in this twentieth century Mapledurham lands which they acquired 400 years since. An ancient race, they trace an origin from those Blounts of Sodington of whom came that famous knight Sir Walter Blount, John o' Gaunt's man, slain at Shrewsbury by the Douglas, who took him by his harness for King Harry of England. As the Hotspur of the play has it:

A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,  
Sensibly furnished like the King himself.

His elder son John was Knight of the Garter two years before Agincourt, displaying his banner at the siege of Rouen. He was

Governor of Calais, as a younger son, Thomas Blount, was Treasurer of that town, an office to which Thomas's son Walter succeeded. This Thomas, who also buckled the Garter round his knee, fought for Edward IV. at Towton field. In 1465 he was created Lord Mountjoy, an honour which went down in his descendants until Charles Blount, Earl of Devonshire, eighth Lord Mountjoy, and Knight of the Garter, one of the heroes who chased the Armada round our coasts, died in 1606. In the Chapel of St. George at Windsor may still be seen the bright colours of the first Lord Mountjoy's enamelled stall-plate.

The Mapledurham Blounts call Thomas, the Treasurer of Normandy, their ancestor. Richard Blount, first of Mapledurham, was also of Iver in Buckinghamshire, where he had married with an heiress. At Iver he was buried in 1508, having served as sheriff of the county six years before. His son Sir Richard was a Gentleman of the Chamber to Henry VIII., and of Edward VI.'s Privy Chamber, living to be Lieutenant of the Tower of London to Queen Elizabeth, and to lie there within the walls of the Tower in the Chapel of St. Peter-on-the-Green. The lieutenant's wife was sister to Sir Michael Lister, a Knight of the Bath, and by this marriage the name Michael came to be a favourite name of the Blounts. Sir Michael, the lieutenant's son, held the like office in the Tower, the office of a knightly turnkey in those Tudor times of heading and hanging, and one of the prisoners in his hands was Philip, Earl of Arundel, a peer under lock and key upon a charge of having mass said for the success of the Armada. On the death of his kinsman, the Earl of Devonshire, Sir Michael put forward a claim to the barony of Mountjoy. The claim failed, and the Blounts went on at Mapledurham, content perforce with their knighthoods. No greater honour was like to fall to them, for the family begins to appear in the list of those dangerous and suspect folk the "Popish Recusants." As recusants and Royalists they suffered in lands and person. The Earl of Essex, sieging Reading, found



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PART OF THE OLD MANSION OF MAPLEDURHAM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





"COUNTRY LIFE."

MAPLEDURHAM HOUSE.

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Mapledurham in his path—a house that could not face cannon-shot, and filled it with the Parliamentary musketeers. Sir Charles Blount of Mapledurham had drawn his sword for the King, and died for him at Oxford in 1644, leaving two sons, of whom Michael, the elder, was killed by a footman at Charing Cross before he came of age. Walter, the younger, held hardly to the lands of Mapledurham. The estate was sequestered, but in young Walter Blount's behalf the Parliament's Commissioners were beset with petitions. He was sent beyond sea for his education at Saumur in France, but his companion and guardian was a Parliamentary Captain, and the young Walter was vouched for as untainted in his religion. Walter's French education was at the least suspicious; but at the

champion. The last of his many quarrels was with the Allens of Prior Park, who would not allow their carriage to carry Mrs. Martha Blount to a Roman Catholic chapel. Therefore for Mr. Alexander Pope Mrs. Allen was a minx, and an impertinent minx. In his will he left Mrs. Martha £1,000, three score of his books, his household goods and plate, and the stone urns from his Twickenham garden. She never married, dying in 1762 in Berkeley Street, a bright, neat little old maid, with many memories and tales of her poet. Four Michael Blounts have since ruled at Mapledurham, descendants of Patty Blount's brother.

John Darell-Blount, heir of his two elder brothers, is now squire at Mapledurham.

On his marriage in 1881 with the heir of the Kentish Darells of Calehill he added their name to his own, and one daughter has been born to him, in whom meet the lines of the two old English houses.

## "OLD" BROTHERTON.

I HAD come to a time of life which, I am afraid, even my kindest friends would have called middle age, before I had the luck to make the acquaintance of Mr. Brotherton, "Old" Brotherton, as everybody called him. I had only just been elected, on return from abroad, to the club of which old Brotherton had been a member longer than any other living man. Doubtless he had a Christian name, though I never heard it. He was always called "Old" Brotherton even by those who were almost his contemporaries. Probably he was one of those whom their friends begin to call "Old" So-and-so, more as a term of endearment than as an indication of age, at a very early stage in their lives. No one, at all events, seemed to remember the time when those who knew Mr. Brotherton at all well had called him anything but old Brotherton.

Surely it is not to his discredit, and certainly it was to our edification, that he fell very naturally into anecdote as the years went on. No one minded. Everybody was glad to listen to old Brotherton's stories. Inevitably they were stories in which he had played a part, for they were all culled of personal, first-hand experience, which made them so rich and living, but he never troubled about posing himself for the hero's rôle. He would just as readily appear as the villain, or even as the fool. Once a young fellow, recently elected to the club, had the bad taste to say to another member, "That old Brotherton's a terrible old bore," but he was effectually rebuked by

the rejoinder, which served its turn, even though it may have been made before: "You wait till you get as old as he is, and you'll be twice as big a bore." Almost all his stories had for their theme some form or other of sport or games. It was the secret of the undying youth of old Brotherton that he kept his zest in these things quite undulled by the passage of time.

Even when I knew him first he had already but one sport left which he could follow actively—his fishing. He had been a noted rider, with some of the best packs, but he could not now mount a horse; he had been famous as a shot as far back as the days when all shooting was done with muzzle-loading guns and the modern fashion of driving the birds forward was not known; but the gun was too heavy for him now; his games he had, of course, long put behind him; even the salmon rod taxed his arms too severely; but he was still skilful with a light, eight-foot trout rod. It was his last love. But, perhaps, his appreciation of the past delights grew only the more keen and vivid as he became unable to take an active part in them. They developed, I think, in his mind with a process analogous to the development of a photographic print, and often his talk was as instructive as it was vivid, for all his experience was gathered by himself; it owed nothing at all to books.



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THE ALMSHOUSES, MAPLEDURHAM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Restoration Mapledurham was still with the Blounts, and Walter, dying without issue in 1671, settled house and land upon his young cousin, Lister Blount, who settled down in the old hall, confuting all reports of a change of religion by marrying a daughter of those notorious Berkshire recusants, the Englefields of Whiteknights.

At Whiteknights, her grandfather's house, Alexander Pope first met with Patty Blount, a Mapledurham spinster, whose long friendship with the little crooked poet makes her the best known of all the Blounts of Mapledurham. Educated in Paris, she and her sister Teresa were of the great world. Mr. Alexander Pope, who, like a true son of his age, had little taste for the gables and mullions of those old houses to which we now make reverent pilgrimage, teased her with light verse when she left London for Mapledurham, going

. . . to plain work and to purling brooks,  
Old-fashioned halls, dull aunts and croaking rooks.

She was not long at Mapledurham. For one reason or another her brother Michael was set down as a bachelor in grain, but when he married with a Tichborne from Tichborne there was an end of Patty Blount's co-heirship presumptive. From her childhood she was Pope's Stella, and he her devoted friend and eager



The last time that I saw him in the club I asked him how he did.

"I'm very ill," he replied, with that portentous accession of gravity which he always assumed when he was joking.

"Dear me," I said, believing him for a moment to be in earnest. "What's the matter? Have you seen a doctor?"

"Doctor! No!" he said. "I'm far too ill to see a doctor."

"Very sorry," I said. "What's the matter?"

"Matter!" he growled. "It's the same thing that's been the matter with me for eighty-nine years, and it's getting worse and worse. I'm growing older every day."

We were going towards the luncheon-room in the course of this conversation, and when we arrived there, he said, "I'm so ill I must have some beer for luncheon."

During luncheon he talked almost all the time about the merits of a certain fly of his own tying—he could tie quite a neat fly still—for loch-fishing.

After that I did not see him for a long while. No one took much notice of old Brotherton's comings and goings. He was the last of his race, and had no belongings to worry about him. In the club we all supposed that he was off again on some fishing expedition, and would soon reappear to tell us all the story of it. And then the hall porter told me that he had sent for his letters, and was confined to his room, ill.

I called on the old man the same day, and found him sitting up in bed, engaged in a very congenial occupation. His sitting-room was a very pleasant one, and its walls were covered with trophies of the chase, with riding whips, spurs, a glass-fronted cupboard for guns and rifles, racks for fishing rods, and pictures of famous horses and other sporting subjects. The bedroom had none of these reminiscent adornments; but at the moment of my coming the old man had made his servant bring in from the sitting-room the whole armoury of guns and rifles, and was amusing himself with handling now one and now the other of them, thinking, no doubt, as he did so, of the fine shot which had brought down this or that magnificent stag, or of his admirable shooting at the grouse on that memorable day, of which we had heard very often, when his old dog Ponto had distinguished himself so greatly.

"Yes," he replied, cheerily, when I said how sorry I was to see him laid up. "I think the doctors have got me this time"—he always referred to doctors as if they were a professional kind of sportsmen, and the rest of the human race their natural quarry. "I have cheated 'em pretty often, but I believe they are going to bag me this time."

I sat and talked with him for quite a long while. He did not suffer any pain, but it appeared that he was really and seriously ill. According to his doctors his illness was caused by a complication in which several of the chief organs of life were concerned, but "the worst thing that's the matter with me is what they call *anno domini*," he said with perfect cheerfulness, "and that's a thing that they'll never cure."

When I left him he asked me to come again soon, and I promised to do so. On this second visit his mind had taken a different turn: he was looking at all the cricket scores and averages in the paper, and when I came in began to tell me about old matches in which he had taken part. He asked me to look in a cupboard in the sitting-room, and there I found an old bat, black with age. When I brought it to him he took it in his thin bony hands and brandished it with a strength which surprised me. Obviously he fancied himself executing his cuts and his drives as he had made them, with the very same bat, sixty years or so before. He felt the blade lovingly, as if he would make more vivid by a sense of the gentle compressibility of its wood that stroke on which of all others his mind loved to dwell, a half volley to leg (off W. Lillywhite, I think it was, one of those heroes of a past time) which had "gone off like butter, I tell you—most extraordinary thing—I hardly knew I had hit it." "That rascal Stephens," he added (Stephens was his very devoted servant), "hasn't been keeping it properly oiled"—as if it were most necessary that the weapon should be kept in the highest possible condition, ready for use at a moment's notice.

It struck me that his voice was not so strong as on the occasion of my first visit, and he showed a little tendency to break off in the middle of his stories, as if he grew wearied with them, or as if his mind did not hold the thread as tenaciously as it used to.

The third time that I came to see him this tendency was a good deal more marked. His mind was very much occupied with recollections of great runs in which he had taken part, and he was holding and wielding a hunting crop as I entered; but as if to show that hunting had not the exclusive possession of his mind, he had, on the other side of the bed, his favourite little trout rod, so that he could handle now the one and now the other. But for the moment it was the hunting which was interesting him, and he would begin talking of the great runs, with a very good grip on the names of the coverts, and the principal features of the run—even the very names of the hounds which distinguished themselves at different points—in the beginning of his narrative; but as he went on he seemed to grow tired by the

pace and the distance, and sometimes he would almost doze off in the middle, his eyes closing and his voice sinking away, leaving us actually half on and half over a fence, with our horse's fore legs in the one field and his hind legs in the other. Nothing else seemed to me so significant as this of his failing powers.

I saw him again, and he was untying a packet of letters, carefully preserved, which had been done up with a coloured ribbon, probably once bright, but now so faded that its former colour was hard to determine. The hunting crop had gone, but the fishing rod was still within reach of his hand, and now and then his hand stole out for the rod even in the midst of reading the letters, as if they claimed not more than half his attention. He treated me quite without ceremony, and after the first greetings went on reading the letters almost as if he had forgotten that I was there. A Bible lay on a table within his reach, but though it was a well-thumbed volume, it seemed to me that the rod was more welcome to his hand than even the familiar and sacred book. He showed growing impatience of the letters as he pursued his reading of them, and finally bundled them all up together, after no more than a mere glance at the later ones, tied them up, with his fumbling fingers, in a very untidy parcel, and asked me to put them away for him in a drawer. It was with an air of relief that he took up the rod again as soon as the letters were disposed of. "Did I ever tell you," he said, working the pliant rod top by the movement of his wrist, "of the big fish that I caught on the Wandle with this little rod?" I should not have mentioned that I had heard the story twenty times before, even if he had paused, which he did not, to give me the chance of saying so. "The fish was rising," he went on, hurriedly, rather as if he was afraid that I might interrupt him by confessing to have heard the tale already, "right under a big bush that overhung the water. I knew pretty well that he was a big 'un, for they generally are, in those places. He was feeding on the caterpillars and things that fell into the water off the bush. There wasn't much more, I should say, than a foot between the bush and the water. I wondered for a long time whether I should throw in from above him and let the fly float down over him down stream, but I was afraid the stream would suck it in under the bank; so I got down below him, and I worked the line once or twice with my wrist"—he essayed the movement again, in a feeble way, with the little rod, as he spoke—"and then I threw it. By the greatest good luck in the world it went exactly right, just in between the bush and the water—a beautiful throw. It came sailing down over the fish's head; he rose to it with a ——" I knew exactly the sound which he wished to make. It was with a "plop" that this now notorious fish had risen to this very deftly thrown fly for the last forty or fifty years, but on this occasion, for the first time, the old man's parched tongue and lips refused to imitate the sound. His inability seemed to arrest the flow of the story altogether. Twice he tried, but twice failed to make the "plop." He was silent a moment after the recent vain attempt, and then he said, pathetically, "I can't; my mouth is so dry."

His failure to repeat the sound, or something like it, of the rising fish seemed to affect him and depress him to an extent which was quite out of all proportion. He hardly spoke at all after this. It was as if, up to that point, he had deemed that, though the capacity to take active part in these sports of his youth and vigorous middle life were lost, he could still recall them with such vividness that they were almost as good as present with him. But now, all at once, even that was gone. This inability to make the sound he wanted seemed like an indication of the loss of the last power. I tried to cheer him, but he would not be cheered, and soon after I left him.

I saw him once again, and once only. He was in a very drowsy, strange state, and it was evident that the sands were running very low. The fishing rod was by his side, within touch of his hand, but he did not seem disposed to talk either about that or any other sport. He asked me to read him a chapter from the Bible, which lay on a little table amid the bottles and other sad insignia of the sickroom. He seemed to listen with much attention to my reading; and I fancied that his failing mind was wholly occupied with assimilating the meaning of the passages. Once his hand stole out towards the rod and he moved it gently, but I thought that this was a mere involuntary and unconscious action. When I came to the end of the chapter and closed the book, he said, meditatively, "I was wondering—I should like to know what you think—whether he would have taken it if I had let it float down over him, down stream." Perhaps his attention had been less completely occupied with my reading than I had supposed.

I believe those to have been the last words he said. The hospital nurse who was attending him told me that soon after I left he dozed off, and remained in a somnolent state till the end came. Once he opened his eyes and stretched his hand out feebly over the side of the bed. The nurse gave him her hand to hold; but he shook his head, by way of showing that this was not what he wanted. Then she put into his fingers the handle of the little trout rod; and he smiled contentedly, as he felt it in his weak grip, and was so holding it when he died.



## LEAD PIPE HEADS.—I.

OF all the architectural needs to which lead ministers, there is none which has given more delightful results than the disposal and storage of rain-water. The mediæval architect was content to let his grotesque gargoyle expand his humour into practical

jest by spouting water over the thoughtless way-farer. A wasteful humour, too, for the lessons of long-buried Roman engineers were mostly forgotten, and every roof is a potential well. It is characteristic, though, of the practical genius which informed our building, that the leaden down-pipe carrying the rain from the roof gutters down the outer walls found its first home in England. Plumbing has come to be a trade prosaic enough, and the plumber a ready butt for the cheap humorist; but lead-work was an art in mediæval times and the plumber no

mean artist. Of the subject of this article, pipe heads, no early mediæval example remains. By 1589 the spirit of the Middle Ages had spent its force, and the atmosphere of the Renaissance was changing the features of English building. In 1589, however, the date of the Windsor Castle pipe heads, the Gothic spirit had not deserted the craft of leadwork. A lion is prancing, heraldically fierce, on the right-hand side, and the fleur-de-lys is repeated with charming effect. The battlemented cresting has rather broken down, but enough remains to throw an effective shadow. The other head, which pairs with it, bears Elizabeth's initials. Both were originally on the Elizabethan part of the castle, on the north front, now part of the Royal Library.

Haddon Hall is simply a mine of leadwork, as of every decorative good thing. On the walls of the Lower Court, in particular, there are several heads of peculiar beauty. The outer fronts of tracery produce lights and sharp shadows of amazing grace and delicacy. These wheel-shape ornaments combined with the classical cornice are examples of the happiest kind of the genius of English builders in the early seventeenth century. Architecturally they stood at the parting of the ways. The mediæval tradition was dying, but, like Nature in autumn, was beautiful even in death. The new style was finding its way somewhat uncertainly, but with all the riotous delight of the child playing a new game. The arts of architecture and of the smaller crafts like leadwork were in the melting-pot, and, if some of the new forms were curious, all had the fascination of experiment and the vigour of youth. There is a head with Gothic cresting which may be as early as the sixteenth century, but I am unwilling to dogmatise about it. The crest of the peacock, emblem of the Manners

family, could have been fixed any time after 1577, when Sir John Manners went to live at Haddon Hall. The boar's head of the Vernon family appears on the top of the pipe, reminder of that charming Dorothy whose runaway marriage makes one of our claims to be considered a romantic race. There is

no evidence for this charming story; but let us continue stoutly to believe it. The plumber of those days was evidently a lover of heraldry, for the lead-work is covered everywhere, not only with peacocks' and boars' heads, but with shields of arms of the Manners and Vernon and other allied families. It is not too much to say that the plumber wrote history on his pipes, for we have a wealth of initials as well as armorial ornaments. On one of the heads with corner turrets, which make it a mimic castle, we find the letters M. I. G.

They were rather casual in those days about the arrangement of initials, and one's reading of them is complicated by the fact that the letters sometimes got loose, and, when refixed, were wrongly placed. M. I. probably stands for Sir John Manners and the G. beneath for Grace or George. Grace, the eldest daughter of Sir Henry Pierpoint, married Sir John's eldest son, Sir George, on April 2nd, 1594.

As leadwork helps the herald and historian, so is the student of leadwork helped by the heraldic charges to fix the dates of his lead. Take, for instance, the *three lozenges in fesse* on the pipe socket of the big pierced head in the Lower Court. Here we have the arms of the Montagu family. Now, Sir John Manners, son of the Sir George already mentioned, was married in 1628 to Frances, daughter of Edward Lord Montagu, so the highly elaborate work of the down-pipe with its large cistern head and embossed wall fasteners must have been cast and placed there after the marriage. But for this evidence the leadwork might well have been adjudged thirty or forty years earlier. Leadworkers, however, were conservative craftsmen (a reputation given to plumbers by some sufferers) even in those days, and have never been in a hurry to adopt new schools of ornament. Unless the date is actually cast on a piece of lead-work, it is unsafe to attribute to it an early one. The old styles of ornament were persisted in by plumbers for many years, after other craftsmen, such as wood-carvers, had been won over by some new influence in the history of decorative art.

While the best work is to be found in pipe heads which caught the outflow from the gutters, it is extraordinary to note how even the sockets at the junction of two lengths of pipe and the flaps by which the pipes



ELIZABETHAN LEADWORK.



W. Galsworthy Davie.

RAINWATER HEAD.

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are nailed to the wall are the subjects of careful and rich decoration. On one which is illustrated the disc of Gothic tracery on the left-hand flap has a grace which would be thought very notable if it formed the outline of a Gothic rose window. The fact, of course, is that in the early seventeenth century the spirit of craftsmanship was abroad in the land. There was nothing of any use too humble to deserve and to receive the enthusiastic attention of the artist. In reply to the imagined question, "Would you compare art with a drain running down a street?" Sir Wyke Bayliss said recently, "One of the loveliest things in the world was a drain, when it was consecrated by art in the form of a gargoyle on the roof of a cathedral."

The lead rain-water head is the direct descendant of the gargoyle, and an advance from it in the direction of the amenities of domestic architecture. In the Middle Ages they presumably contemplated with equanimity the chance that a gargoyle might spout on to the passing wayfarer a generous stream of rain-



PIPE HEAD WITH INITIALS.

St. John's College, Oxford, for the traces of blazoned coats of arms and exquisite patterns remain to this day, and have recently been restored to all their pristine brilliance. There is a peculiar suitability in the decoration of lead by gilding. It is a precious metal coming to the decorative aid of a baser metal. How magnificent would be the dominating leaded dome of St. Paul's were it gilt all over and made to emulate the flashing domes of the great Russian churches. One is grateful for gilt anywhere in this black London, and especially just now for the blazing figure of Justice which crowns the new "Old Bailey." But to return to pipe heads.

In the precincts of Winchester Cathedral, down an alley called Dome Alley (originally, probably, Dumb Alley, or in modern metaphor Blind Alley), there is some little-known lead-work of great interest. Not only are there pipe heads, but beautiful lead gutters of vine pattern. There are, unhappily, few such gutters remaining anywhere; but it is singular to note



HEAD WITH GOTHIC CRESTING.

water. Not that even as early as 1241 the down-pipe was an unknown thing. That Mæcenas of English architecture, Henry IV., wrote in that year to the Keeper of the Works of the Tower of London, "We command you to cause all the leaden gutters of the great Tower, through which rain-water should fall from the summit of the same Tower, to be carried down to the ground, so that the wall of the said Tower, which has been newly white-washed, may

what a fascination the vine had for the maker of lead gutters. I have found similar ornaments at places so far apart as Coventry and Bramhall, Cheshire. The Winchester pipe head is a charming combination of the formal and the casual. The episcopal arms are stiff enough, but the six leaves are soldered on, with an almost childish pleasure on the part of the craftsman, to make the surface spotty. The pomegranate on the pipe socket may very well



A MIMIC CASTLE IN LEAD.

be in no wise injured by the dropping of rain-water, nor be easily weakened."

The devils that crouched in the corners of church towers must have trembled at this fiat, for their occupation as gargoyles was doomed. The thought of the dead-and-gone whitewash of the Tower of London is a distressing one. It would be impossible to-day in our sooty atmosphere, but in those days, when the air was clear and a thousand thousand chimneys were not conspiring to blot out the sun, the snowy bulk of the Tower must have been a splendid landmark on the Thames. Maybe, too, the leaden gutters were not only carried down to the ground, but made gay with gold and colours. We know that this was done in 1632, at



PIPE SOCKET WITH GOTHIC TRACERY.

be an emblem of Catherine of Arragon, and, if so, it would suggest that the houses of Dome Alley were built in Queen Mary's reign. I have been able to find no definite records of their building, but the brickwork has a look of the third quarter of the sixteenth century. The panelling in the houses is later, probably Jacobean. Unfortunately, the gables have been cut down considerably, and the windows are insertions of the eighteenth or nineteenth century, but there is an old-world charm about the houses, which should bring them more attention than they get, and they are worth a visit for the sake of their leadwork, if for nothing else.

The remaining illustration is of a head also of ecclesiastical flavour. There are few more





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## AT GEORGE ABBOT'S HOSPITAL, GUILDFORD.

delightful streets in English county towns than the High Street at Guildford, and few more enchanting almshouses than those built by George Abbot, once a scholar at the Grammar School, who rose to be Archbishop of Canterbury. With characteristic piety he built the quadrangle of houses with the delightful gateway to the High Street, which is known as Abbot's Hospital. The Archbishop's builder must have been a connoisseur of leadwork, for every one of the fourteen lead pipe heads is different. On the High Street front are the two finest, which bear not only the arms of Abbot, but boldly modelled fruit and flowers. Above the egg and tongue moulding which forms the cornice is a delicate brattishing, reminiscent of the queerly shaped lacework in stone which crowns the fronts of some Jacobean houses. A cherub has been caught fluttering on the funnel-shaped outlet of the pipe head, an ornament one begins to find on leadwork at this date, about 1629.

In Dome Alley, Winchester, and Abbot's Hospital, Guildford, we have two buildings ecclesiastical in their origin and rich in leadwork. It is, however, notable that churches are a very poor hunting-ground for the lover of leadwork. The best example remaining on a church is one at Leighton Bromswold, which is very like the Guildford heads. It has, moreover, a strong sentimental interest. It is dated 1632, and was fixed on the chancel wall at the restoration done by George Herbert, the devotional poet, who, as prebendary of Layton Ecclesia in the diocese of Lincoln, was patron of the Leighton Bromswold living.

LAWRENCE WEAVER

## IN THE GARDEN.

## THE PHLOX.

**D**URING the late summer no flower contributes more to the gaiety of the garden than the tall or, as it is usually called, the herbaceous Phlox. This has not been a good season for the plant, which enjoys moisture and a cool air, but where the beds have been regularly watered the results are exceptional. We were in a garden recently in which two Phloxes had been planted in large masses, and the effect of the drifts of blossom was exceptionally fine, one variety being the pure white Mrs. E. H. Jenkins, about which we have written on more than one occasion. It is rather a tall Phlox, strong in growth, and smothered with large clusters of the purest white flowers, and it is through planting in these free groups that the beauty of the plant is revealed. At a distance it appears as if a snow-heap were covering the soil, and in the warm evening air the scent from this wealth of flowers is almost overpowering. The other variety is Coquelicot, one of the most striking of the whole family. It has not the strength of growth of Mrs. E. H. Jenkins, but the colouring is wonderful, salmon and vermilion mingling, a flower to plant for its dashing beauty. We enjoy this when the evening shadows creep over the garden and deepen the wonderful colouring, a glow of vermilion which the fading light intensifies. Phloxes delight in well-manured soil, and it is our practice each spring to well mulch the bed in which they are placed, and during hot summers too much water can scarcely be given. It is well to remember that a very exposed position is not the best, and for this reason a grouping of the most decided colours, such as Coquelicot, by the edge of some shady lake, is always a success. It gives, moreover, colours at a season when the summer flowers are none too plentiful. The best way to increase the plants is by dividing the roots in spring, and once in every three or four years it is necessary to do this to prevent a matted growth. We shall take up a large bed of Phloxes next spring after

it has been in position for three years. The plants have made quick growth, and the flowers are becoming small, and the clusters also, through a want of fresh soil and root division. Of course, the selection need not be restricted to the varieties named, but they should certainly be among the first chosen, especially Coquelicot. Avalanche, Sylphide, and Géant des Batailles are beautiful white varieties; Le Soleil and William Robinson, rosy pink; Eclatant, Etna, and Aurore Boreale, scarlet; Coccinea and Abundance, crimson; Eclairer, purplish shades; and Eugene Danzanvilliers, lilac.

## GARDEN PLANS.

It is well now to point out the alterations that are to be made or new schemes formulated, so that the work can be carried out at the right season. Nothing saves time and trouble like having a well-considered plan, in order that when the moment comes there is no doubt or hesitation about what is to be done. Moreover, if the ground is to be mowed or levelled, or even level ground trenched for planting, it should be done soon enough for the earth to settle. It is unfair to shrubs and trees to plant them in deep masses of newly-thrown-up earth. For some time it will be in movement until it finally settles in its place. The shifting earth drags the roots and prevents them from taking good hold. Haste and scurry are fatal to all good work in this as in all things else; often the garden designer or planter is urged by the owner of the place to begin (even after Christmas), and to get on as fast as possible, as he does not want to lose a season. There is no better way to lose a season than to plant too late, or, which is still oftener urged, to plant too large. A plantation of young trees 2 ft. high put in at the right time (as early as possible after the leaves have fallen) will often overtake one that is planted with larger trees. If some good and careful garden scheme is to be carried out there should be the best possible understanding between the owner of the place and the garden artist who is to take in hand its form and planting. If when the scheme is first put on paper there is any doubt as to whether it can be properly carried out, it is much better to make a fresh design of obviously less cost than to lop, or skimp, or make compromises when the work is well on the way. It should also be remembered that it is very difficult, in many cases impossible, to give anything like an accurate estimate of cost. Local conditions vary so much that experience in one place, or even a dozen places, may be but little guide to the thirteenth. An ample margin should, therefore, be allowed. If these matters are thus adjusted the work



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## LEADWORK AT DOME ALLEY, WINCHESTER.

will be a source of satisfaction to both employer and employed, and will in itself be all the better for the harmonious conditions in which it is done.

## RANDOM NOTES.

*Rose Gruss an Teplitz.*—A well-known rosarian writes: "Roses are very popular at the present time for planting in masses for effect in the pleasure grounds, and Gruss an Teplitz is an ideal variety for the purpose. In early summer the plants do not flower very freely, but at the end of July and during August the bright crimson blooms make a blaze of colour. The leaves, when young, are of a bronzy tinge, which changes to a deep leathery green. It is essentially a garden Rose, the flowers medium in size, rather



thin; in fact, it may almost be described as a semi-double Rose. Some growers when pruning recommend cutting the plants hard back, but I prefer to simply thin out the growth. This depends, of course, a good deal upon the position of the bed. Many strong growths are produced from near the base, which often carry from twenty to thirty trusses of flowers. A large round bed is very effective on the Palm House terrace at Kew. As it is of a climbing character it may also be used as a pillar Rose. It is a Hybrid Tea, and was sent out in 1897."

*Roses and the Drought.*—We are writing now of a dry hilltop during the drought and blazing sunshine of seven weeks, tempered by one shower of ten minutes' duration. The heat has been, and is at the moment, terrific; the Pansies, loving coolness and some moisture, are disappearing; the Phloxes, from which we expected so much, are in distress; and even the Japan Knot-weed, which will pierce a gravel walk, is flagging in the sun. It may well be said, Why plant moisture-loving plants on a dry hilltop? But gardening is full of surprises. Last summer, which was cooler and moister, was a summer of Phloxes in the same garden. We have never seen finer masses of bloom, and the Pansies in their beautiful gradations of colour were a daily joy to visit in the dewy morn. Perhaps next year in a less tropical summer all again will be well. Roses have been very beautiful, and at the time of writing growth is strong and buds and open flowers are abundant on the following, which may be called Roses for the hottest weather. From the rising of the sun until its going down again the varieties named have seemed to welcome the scorching rays. As we have described these before, we give the names: Liberty, Spenser, Viscountess Folkestone, Corallina, Mme. Abel Chatenay, Sulphurea, Le Progrès, Mme. Augustine Guinoisseau, and Mme. Ravary.

*Sweet Peas and the Hot Weather.*—No summer of recent years has punished the Sweet Pea more severely than the present, and the wisdom of

cuttings good flowerless shoots should be taken, as if formed of the flowering tips they will continue to produce buds and never form shapely plants. For propagating purposes it is a good plan to cut back the old plants hard, and when the young shoots, then pushed out, are about 2in. long they make excellent cuttings. The leaf-burrowing pest still continues to give much trouble in the culture of all these Marguerites, and the only way to destroy it seems to be a sharp nip with the finger and thumb."

*Delphinium consolida.*—This is one of the most beautiful of blue-flowered annuals; its colouring is clear and unusual, and the flowers are prettily attached to slender stems. We sowed a lot of it last spring, and it has proved one of the best of flowers in this dry summer.

## DAPPING ON AN IRISH LAKE.

FISHING for "big game," that is, the capture of salmon and trout, has long since merged into a dim vision of the past to the man of limited means. Elderly fishermen may still cherish boyish remembrances of how, in well-stocked streams, they long ago unrestrainedly fished with a youthful lack of skill with some unknown pattern of fly upon a coarse and clumsily-knotted cast, and how, after many unsuccessful rises, a specially-ignorant trout got hitched on and clawed ashore. It was not always a sprat in those days that fell a victim to the boy's sportive instincts, however ill-applied. Sometimes he brought home, half in and half out of his pocket, a goodly fish, which was with just pride exhibited to a duly-admiring audience; and the flavour of those red-letter trout!—none in after years ever seemed to taste the same again.

But a truce to ancient memories. Where are now those memorable waters; and what has become of their occupants? Naturally the streams are still there, unless swallowed up by an increasing and thirsty population, and contain, probably, ten times the amount of trout they used to do, unless, alas! they have been polluted by the many poisons of modern times. But all are now in the hands of the few who rent or purchase at fabulous prices. On those places which to the young boy were once free, the old boy would not now dare trespass even upon the banks. For every man who fished only twenty years ago there are probably a score to-day even more anxious than he for sport. They, for the most part, seek but coarse fish, for they say salmon and trout are far beyond their reach, in spite of glowing hotel advertisement to the contrary; once bit, twice shy, for those who tried them



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TWO LITTLE MAY-FLY-CATCHERS.

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removing every seed-pod as soon as the flower had faded was never more apparent. It has been only, at any rate in the garden of the writer, by persistent picking off of decaying flowers and mulching and watering that the plants have maintained their vigour. With all this work, the season is over, and the long rows, once perfumed with a thousand flowers, will be removed until another year. It has been impossible to criticise the varieties very much, the hot weather preventing anything like normal development in the blossom, but Mr. Eckford's newer varieties have proved their constancy and beauty. They do not revert, but each row sown has been free from foreign element.

*Queen Alexandra Marguerite.*—The following note from a reader is interesting: "This Marguerite is a beautiful member of the family, and has become very popular during the past few years. It differs from the ordinary single Marguerite in having flowers with a crown-like or Anemone-formed centre. Its variability in this respect is very noticeable, for a few of the flowers are quite single, and of the purest white, with a reddish disc. The majority of the flowers are, however, of the above-mentioned Anemone character, with occasionally a flower which may be described as quite double. All the three different types may be met with occasionally on the same plant. It was distributed, and has been often exhibited, by Messrs. Sander of St. Albans, who described it as having originated in South Africa. Like all the Marguerites, it is easily propagated and grown, but one point must be particularly observed, namely, that in selecting the



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A THREE-POUNDER FROM THE RIVER.

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## TOO CALM FOR MUCH SPORT.

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returned to report very much fishing, but no fish. So hundreds of fishermen, good sportsmen, too, perforce lay aside their rods to perish unheeded in their cases, because there appears no further use for them. Some may even degenerate into mackintoshes individuals with jars of beer beside them, squatting alongside pegs upon the bank in line with eighty others, each of whose highest ambition it is to catch some 8oz. monster and win the prize.

But have things necessarily come to such a pass? Why sit helplessly at home under the impression that England is the only place in the whole world, and that because she refuses her support fishing is no more? Ireland is not, after all, so far away that a man with a week to spare cannot enjoy five days' sport, and real good sport, too, both with salmon and trout, entirely free of charge, save for a licence. For the benefit of those who have given the matter insufficient thought, it is well they should learn that there are public lakes in Ireland, some of which

lowest form of poaching; but assuredly there in the lake it is true sport, not without some skill, and the dry-fly man, although he might rise many fish, would capture few with all his art, and would eventually develop into an energetic dapper. A man, should he prefer to do so, can dap from his boat alone, but for luxuriant fishing two hands are required, one known as the fisherman, and a boy, whose principal duty it is to keep the boat broadside to the wind by an oar to windward. The dap consists of three newly-hatched green drakes impaled upon a No. 6 or No. 8 hook, floated lightly on the water from the finest cast. One rod fishes from the stern, the other from the bow, while the fisherman, when not engaged in running daps, or netting fish, uses a third rod himself in the centre of

the boat. Success to a great extent depends upon this man's knowledge of the favourable shallows in different winds, the humour of the fish, and, above all, a strong wind, not a breeze only sufficient to carry out the light silk, brown line, but of enough strength to rough up the water and form waves. The successful dapper, as before mentioned, needs some skill, although not of a high order; but no form of fishing requires more devoted attention. Never, when possible, should the dap be lost sight of, although accidents in this respect often occur on the further side of a wave, and are unavoidable when the dap naturally disappears from view, and is perhaps swallowed by an unseen trout.

A start is made to windward of some likely shallow, the boat being left to drift broadside to the wind. The daps blow lightly some 25ft. from the boat, until a fish rises to the dainty bunch of May-flies. Now for a trial of self-restraint. On no account must you seek to hook him for the space of a full second.



J. Turner-Turner.

## WAITING FOR A BREEZE.

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abound in trout, and afford also salmon in favourable weather. How productive must be the fishing is proved from the fact that professionals make a living by their rods, while the amateur can catch in a day more trout than he knows how to dispose of without handing them over to the fishermen. One such lake as this was discovered by the writer and two friends, who in three weeks' dapping from May 21st killed in all 470 trout from  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 3lb. each in weight, together with an occasional salmon. Although possibly no lake in Ireland holds more trout, yet there are others plentifully supplied, and with larger fish. With the best intentions towards fellow-sportsmen, the *habitués* of this locality would scarcely thank one for making too public a spot which is already replete with fishers for whom there is even now but scant accommodation. The reader must, therefore, rest content to know that such places are at hand, only requiring an effort to discover them.

Dapping is a form of sport probably despised by the dry-fly man, who, upon his chalk stream, would condemn it as the

To the habitual fly-fisher, especially should the fish have come with a rush, and the fisherman, as is his wont, cries out, "You're in 'em, sorrh!" comes an almost uncontrollable inclination to strike before the allotted time, and so achieve a miss; but, by giving a very full second, and treating him as you would a salmon, by firmly lifting your point, you have him sure, and four times out of five he can be safely conducted round to the windward side of the boat, and finally brought to net—possibly a beautifully-shaped two-pounder in perfect condition, or maybe a rich golden, large spotted fish of 3lb., recently from deep water, in none too good shape. Our best basket in one day, for two boats, was forty-two trout from  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 3lb. each. Towards the end of June the fish rise poorly, and commence a glut on perch fry; but in the autumn better sport with larger fish is procured by dapping with the daddy-long-legs. To one who has wandered many thousands of miles in search of sport this dapping came as a revelation, no notion having been previously entertained that so near home could such really fine sport be obtained. On



rough days unsuitable for dapping, four or five grilse may be taken on the artificial fly near the mouth of a small river; higher up and after rain heavy bags are made by worming.

Great gratitude is due from fishers to the Board of Conservators, who have in recent years done so much to

improve this fishing, and although no compulsory toll is levied, yet a gratuity from visitors towards the heavy expense of improving their sport is only what might be justly expected from a body of sportsmen usually distinguished for their open-handedness.

J. TURNER-TURNER.

## SHOOTING.

### HEREDITY IN RED DEER HEADS.

IN a recent article we spoke of the greater attention which is now being paid to all questions involved in the improvement of the red deer stock, and suggested the hope that, as a consequence of this increased attention, we might see more interest given to the problems which can be studied so much better in the park than on the forest. It seems a singular thing that, after the very many years for which the heads of red deer stags have been the finest trophies of sport in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe, our knowledge of the conditions under which the best heads are produced is very slight and very empirical. We do not even know the real effect of a "hummel" or of a "switch-horn" sire on the stock. A theory which sounds very reasonable has been advanced in this connection to the present writer. It was suggested by a professional stalker of long experience, and one who, besides being a very fine stalker, is a very good naturalist and observer of the facts that come under his notice. As an illustration in explanation of the theory, we may take the case of the union of a hummel stag and of a hind whose father was a "royal"; the tendency of such a parentage, according to this theory, would be to produce a six-pointer as the offspring. This is an illustration from which it should be easy to understand the general argument of the theory. Generally, when we hear discussion about the kind of progeny which a hummel or a switch-horn, or, on the other hand, a royal, are likely to produce, respectively, we seem to hear all the attention bestowed on the consideration of the points of the father, and no attention given at all to the points which the mother's parentage may have given her a tendency to transmit. There can be little doubt, arguing from the analogy of what we know of transmitted characteristics in other animals, that the heritage of the mother ought to be considered also, and as soon as we begin to reflect on the matter from that point of view, it seems impossible to refuse to believe that the parentage of the mother must have its influence on the heads of her male progeny. Now and then we hear the opposite theory expressed in its crudest form, to the effect that all sons of hummels are themselves hummels; but it is very hard to understand how those who hold this opinion are able to persuade themselves that the facts are in accordance with it. There can be no doubt whatever that the hummel, partly because he is generally such a heavy stag (the vigour which goes with most stags to form horn having, as it seems, gone with him to make body), and partly because he fights like a "muley" or "polled" cow (that is to say, delivers body blows on his opponent, and does not merely fight head to head, as the horned stags fight), is able as a rule to collect more hinds than any horned stag; and if all the progeny of every hummel stag were hummels, then in a short time there would be hardly any but hummels in the forest at all. It is quite true that there are some forests where these ugly stags are very much on the increase; but nowhere are they increasing at the alarming rate which this theory would seem to require. And if we are to take it for granted, therefore, as, in a rough-and-ready way, we surely may, that hummels do not necessarily produce hummels, it is equally to be taken for granted that royals will not of necessity produce royals, although it is also most reasonable to believe that there is a certain tendency in the offspring to reproduce the heads of the fathers. But it is reasonable, too, to think, according to the theory of the stalker quoted above, that the mother's inheritance counts for something in her calf. We may illustrate the theory, if we please, with an example just the reverse of the one already cited. According to this theory, the calf of parents of which the one was a royal stag and the other a hind which was daughter of a hummel would be itself a six-pointer. The present writer has to confess that these examples do not seem to him altogether satisfactory. It appears to him that the supposed calf ought to inherit more of the head characteristics of the father than of the inherited and latent head characteristics of the mother, because the latter are really inherited by the calf from its grandfather—that is to say, it has only a quarter of its head characteristics inherited from its mother's side, as against a half inherited from its father. This is only an expression (none too well expressed) of the writer's personal opinion, and he is very far from wishing to claim for it any special value; but with regard to the general trend of the theory, it seems impossible not to agree that the head which the calf is likely to develop in its adult age must owe something at least to its mother's inheritance.

In the conditions of the breeding of red deer on a forest it is obviously almost impossible to keep them under the observation which would be necessary in order to establish the truth of this or any other theory of the kind on a firm basis of fact, and few owners of a forest are likely to give the encouragement to the propagation of hummels which some of the necessary experiments would seem to require; but the case is by no means the same with regard to deer shut up in a park. There seems no reason why some owners of deer should not be willing to set aside a fenced-off portion of their parks for experiments of this nature; nor does it seem unlikely that some owners would take a keen interest in such experiments. Should there be any difficulty, among park deer, in obtaining the hummel stags or the switch-horns which should form some of the material for experiment, it is a lack which owners of forests might be very willing to supply by sending down such stags, which could easily be led into an enclosure and caught at the time of the winter feeding. It is, of course, a kind of experiment for which several years would be required before any useful conclusion could be drawn, but that need hardly be an obstacle to a satisfactory result being obtained.

### PROSPECTS OF GROUSE AND PARTRIDGES.

GRADUALLY we are beginning to learn a little more about the state of things on our grouse moors, and, on the whole, the accounts are better than we had expected. There are moors where, exceptionally, the birds seem quite good. The extent of the local differences, indeed, is very remarkable. Although we do not begin to shoot partridges until three weeks or so later, it is almost easier, in a year of early harvest like the present, to come to a clear understanding about them than about the grouse. Unfortunately, the heavy rain of one fatal night caused the death of an immense number, and in some places which that very heavy storm did not visit, for it was strictly local, the birds, for some reasons which are not too evident, have been faring badly. In the early days we heard a good account of them in that district of Dorsetshire and Wiltshire in which the partridge stock has been so very notably improved of recent years; but the later reports are not so good. One owner of fine partridge ground, who made his record in Wiltshire last year, writes: "Partridges are *bad*, I fear." (The italics are underlined in his own letter for emphasis.) "They hatched *well*"—also underlined—"but have died off since, from gapes, I fancy, brought on by one heavy day's rain and three of cold wind following. For the first time I have picked up young birds pining away, crawling with red 'Harvest-lice.' I had a tremendous stock, and never brighter prospects at hatching, and apparently a favourable season, barring the three cold days." Very likely one may be disposed to question the diagnosis of the cause of the young birds perishing, but clearly it was not the same drowning that was the immediate cause of the death of so many in the Midlands and Eastern Counties; and, in any case, the result is the same, whatever the reason. We hear accounts of "gapes" from the Eastern Counties also. In that district the birds in the eastern part of those counties seem to have suffered less than those further inland from the effects of the heavy rain-storm which occurred when they were about nine or ten days old. The storm itself was less heavy and prolonged on the eastern side.

### SOME OF THE GROUSE BAGS.

We have all along pointed out that there was no reason to anticipate that the worst would be realised of all the evil reports about the grouse. It is the keeper's interest to be a pessimist, where the conditions are so difficult to ascertain. Certainly the sport cannot be considered to have been bad on the Dallowgill Moors, where Lord Ripon, Lord de Grey, and Mr. Duff killed nearly 700 grouse to their own guns. On the Duke of Devonshire's Bolton Moors the sport is spoken of as good. At Meggernie Castle, to take a look northward, six guns, over dogs, had some 250 birds. On Arran, as we show elsewhere, the sport is up to a fair average, and the case is the same in a corner as far remote as Caithness-shire. So the inference, from such data as we yet have, is that the general bag of the season will be more in accord with the brighter expectations which were formed soon after the hatch off than with those gloomier anticipations which were in vogue a little later. Instead of the fair average bag being the exception, and very poor sport the rule, as we were told to expect, the actual result is more likely to be the reverse, only those moors which lay exceptionally exposed to the snow-storms having really suffered severely. At present, at least, there seem grounds for that expectation.

### GUNNERY.

IN addition to the adjustable try-gun and the flying target, the shooting school is one of the most important developments of modern gunnery. The shooting school is believed to be entirely a product of the last quarter of a century, although it cannot be said that the idea of teaching the art of shooting was not known seventy years ago. In a recent issue of a contemporary a seventy year old drawing of sportsmen practising with their

guns in Mr. Joseph Lang's shooting-room behind his establishment in the Haymarket in the year 1837 is reproduced, side by side with three photographs of Messrs. Lang's shooting school at Perivale, Ealing, as it now exists. The old shooting school is an ordinary large room with a couple of circular targets fixed on a screen or curtain at one end, and the old-world gunners—in tall hats—who are depicted in the act of practising this very elementary form of shooting at fixed targets only help to emphasise the contrast between the old methods and appliances and the new. The modern shooting school, of which there are many examples round London, and also here and there in the provinces, with its concealed traps, its imitation grouse-butts and partridge-driving stands, and high towers, up to 95ft. in height, whence are swiftly projected tall (clay) birds, is an advance on the older methods of gun tuition of which, doubtless, our grandfathers never dreamt. Most of the leading London gunmakers now have a school of the kind within convenient reach of Piccadilly, where customers can practise at clay pigeons and fire off cartridges to their hearts' content. Every imaginable kind of shot can be practised, and the important question of the fit of a gun can be more or less definitely decided. We have heard of cases where indifferent shots have been improved, under skilled tuition, quite 25 per cent. in their shooting by practice at one of these schools. Some of the "coaches" who take the gunners through their course confidently affirm they can see the shot in the air, and know to a certainty whether the pellets were behind, above, or below—rarely in front—in the case of every miss. We accept the statement in good faith and without comment. How useful it would be in the field—sometimes—to know for a certainty where one's shot really did go! Practice in walking and shooting in line, as for partridges in turnips, is also provided at these schools, as well as shooting at imitation rabbits crossing a ride. In fact, instead of a room in the heart of London, something like 100 acres of country, in the case of the West London Shooting School, is provided, equipped in the most up-to-date manner with every appliance and convenience for the proper teaching of the use of the gun.

It is as well here to consider how far, and in what cases, the use of these schools, as well as that of the try-gun and flying target pure and simple, is beneficial and likely to improve the shooting of any particular gunner. Where a man shoots consistently badly and is surprised when he kills—there are such cases—it is rational to assume that there is something radically wrong either in the fit of the gun or in the eyesight of the gunner. For instance, a man may be left-eyed without knowing

it, and may have never taken the necessary steps to ascertain if his left or his right eye is the master eye. If the former, and the gunner shoots with an ordinary right-eyed gun, it simply means that a correct aim can never be taken (we do not like the word "aim," but use it here in its broadest sense) nor a correct shot fired. Any man can test his eyesight in this respect in the simplest possible manner. Let him look steadily at any object—a stone, a tree, a picture—about 20ft. away with both eyes open. Then let him raise his forefinger in alignment between his eyes and the object looked at, and close the left eye, keeping the right eye open. If the right eye is the master, as is usually the case, the object remains in alignment with the finger. When the

right eye is closed, the left being kept open in such case, the finger will apparently jump 4in. or so to the right of the object looked at. In the case of the left-eyed man the reverse will happen. When the left eye is closed, the finger will apparently jump—4in. to the left this time—and when the right eye only is closed, the alignment remains correct. To return to the case of the left-eyed man shooting with an ordinary right-eyed gun, it means that the hand and eye can never work correctly together, because the alignment at every shot is necessarily taken not

along the barrels of the gun, but along a line from the left eye to the muzzle of the gun; or, in other words, along an incorrect line. The more correctly the gunner fires, the more consistently will he, in this case, always shoot considerably to the left of the object aimed at. In the case of birds flying across from right to left this may, perhaps, help him by causing him to shoot, unintentionally, so much the more in front. Generally, however, it is bound to make him a very uncertain and indifferent shot, and he will probably find that he hardly ever kills a bird crossing from left to right.

In a case of this kind, the shooting school is invaluable. An expert coach would probably discover the trouble in half-an-hour. In aggravated cases of "left-eye" the usual remedy is a cross-eyed gun. This is a gun made with so great a cast-off as to permit of its being fired from the right shoulder, but aligned from the left eye. The accompanying photographs explain a cross-eyed gun better than words. We have talked of "aggravated" cases of "left-eye," meaning, of course, cases where the left eye does all the work, and the right optic is merely an ornamental but useless organ. It is as well, however, to avoid dogmatism in this, as in other mundane affairs. There are degrees in everything human and mortal, and so there are many varying degrees of efficiency, or inefficiency, of eyesight among shooting-men. The point under discussion is also complicated by the fact that all men do not shoot with both eyes open, while others shoot sometimes with both eyes open, and sometimes with the left eye shut, according as the shot is a quick or a slow one. It is this variety of the "personal equation" of the shooter, and the fact that he is an ordinary mortal with largely-assorted idiosyncrasies, that will always constitute the main difficulty of the diagnosis, and will prevent a too-confident generalisation from particular examples. For instance, a man may be "left-eyed" when he shoots with both eyes open, but, of necessity, right-eyed when he shoots with the left eye closed. A most important function of the modern shooting school is, in our view, to ascertain the nature of such particular idiosyncrasies, and so find the proper means to correct them. We will pursue the subject further in a succeeding article.

H. S-K.

## FROM THE FARMS.

AGRICULTURE IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE Americans with regard to agriculture are very much in the position of the young bear—they have all their troubles in front of them. Their virgin soil is, in many districts, a thing of the past, and now they are confronted by the necessity for the steady and scientific tillage and manuring that have long been problems studied in European agriculture. Some of their farmers evade the issue by emigrating to the hitherto-untilled areas in Canada; others are setting to work to cope with the situation, and considerable space is being devoted to land cultivation in their Press. At one time, irrigation was looked upon as a sheet-anchor—and very rightly so, where possible. Now a writer in one of their monthly magazines describes a system of what he calls "dry farming," which he entitles "The Hope of the West."



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USING LEFT EYE.



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A CAST-OFF STOCK.



This consists of keeping the surface loose and well pulverised. The second principle is "to keep the sub-soil finely pulverised and firmly compacted," and special implements have apparently been invented which will effect that. The ground is prepared, according to this account, directly the last crop is harvested, and then harrowed after every rain, but "never when it is dry." Except in the last sentence, there is nothing very new in all this, though it may be expected that, with the genius for perfecting and inventing machinery for which the American nation is justly famed, they will go on producing patterns of ploughs, sub-soil packers, and other implements which our farmers will do well to adopt, if indeed these sub-soil packers are capable of doing the work attributed to them in the article referred to.

#### POULTRY *v.* INSECTS IN THE GARDEN.

To fight the many insect pests by which the gardener from time to time is troubled, the value of the presence of poultry and ducks should not be overlooked. They have already proved useful in checking the increase of codlin and winter

moths in the orchard. A writer in the journal of the South Eastern Agricultural College at Wye strongly recommends turning them in among the gooseberry and currant bushes to eat off the sawfly. This could easily be done where these are netted in, without fear of damage to other garden produce. The same writer avers, too, that ducks are less likely to damage the fruit than fowls. The experiment seems one well worth trying, especially in a bad slug year.

#### WATERCRESS DAMAGED BY CADDIS.

In different parts of the country watercress-growers have been concerned to find how much damage is done to their crops by caddis, and have even had to run their beds dry in autumn to get rid of them, as, though liming will quickly kill the water-shrimp, it seems to have little effect on the larvæ of the phryganidæ. A very obvious remedy would be to introduce trout. Both shrimp and caddis are food they delight in, and their presence will be pretty good proof of the purity of the water, and the owner of the beds will not be the worse for a fish dinner from time to time.

## ON THE GREEN.

### FIRST PRINCIPLES IN LAYING OUT COURSES.—IV.

A CERTAIN amount of attention has been paid of recent years, in laying out courses, to give some reward to a correct placing, as distinguished from the more correct directing of the tee shot, so as to make the second shot more easy, or to the correct placing of the second shot, in case of a long hole, in order to make the approach more easy, that is to say, to enable the player to get a run up "the entrance" to the hole, instead of having to loft one or other of the guarding bunkers; but very little attention indeed has been paid to the value of particular levels and gradients of the ground

it should always be possible, with any reasonable wind astern, for a man to pitch on the plateau, with a well-played shot, and not to overrun it on the other side. The distance which this implies as the proper one from the point of the V to the hole must be dependent very much on the nature of the soil of the green, whether it be hard and keen or soft and holding, and also on the gradient of the green, for if it be on a slope towards the player it is evident that the ball may be much more easily stopped on it than if it be level or at all sloping away. For a tee shot to a longer hole, a fine example of the difficulties created by the gradients of the ground and the reward which they may be made to give to a perfect shot, are shown at the hole which is called Perfection—the hole



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THE SHERINGHAM LINKS, NORFOLK.

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as practically performing the work of bunkers. You may see a specimen of the gradients creating a difficulty in the approach to the second hole at Sandwich. It is a specimen, but it is far from being a good example, because it is a specimen of a good principle carried to an extreme, which is bad. In playing the approach to this hole it is impossible, unless the ground is sodden, to pitch on the green and stay there with the prevailing westerly wind, or with any other wind than an opposing one. If you pitch short of the green, you have to pitch on a ridge running towards the green in the same line as your approach. This would be a very good arrangement indeed, if the ridge were a little broader in the back; but as it is so narrow that it is really only by a lucky chance that the ball can pitch on its back and run straight forward to the hole. If it pitch on either flank it kicks off into rough troublesome country, on one side or the other, from which it is very unlikely that you will be able to lay the ball dead and get the four, which looks as if it ought to be the right figure for the hole. The approach is the more chancy, because you are hardly ever able to see the narrow hog's back while you are addressing the ball. So this is an illustration of one way in which the varying levels of the ground may be worked in, or worked up, so as to create a difficulty, an interest, and a reward for accuracy; only, in this particular instance, a good principle is carried to a vicious extreme, because it is, humanly speaking, demanding an impossible accuracy. It is a principle which may be adapted to suit a one-shot hole, if the green be on a V-shaped plateau, with the point of the V towards the tee. This point should stretch well away back from the hole, so that it should always be possible, with any reasonable wind, for a fairly good driver to reach the apex of the plateau, and also that

before the Redan—at North Berwick. Here there is a beautiful stretch of green (it is, in fact, the old putting green before the hole was lengthened), which a long and perfect tee shot may reach, and it has just this virtue of being in the shape of a V or of a fan, so that the man who goes farther has not the need to be quite so accurate as the shorter driver. If a man do not put his ball in this fan-shaped green of beauty, he will be down in some troublesome pits on the right or among the sand of the seashore on the left, and will at best have made his prospects of being home in two shots very poor ones. For the man who has placed his tee shot perfectly, the second, in spite of the cross bunker, presents no real difficulty, although it is to be confessed that this second shot is not nearly as good as the tee shot, because it comes within the category of those things which are always to be condemned—blind approach shots. But as to the fan or V shape it ought to be more recognised than it is as the right principle and shape for the fairway of the course to assume in general. A man who is a short driver is apt to praise the straightness of his own driving, as compared with a longer hitter, and to forget that the further the ball goes the more emphasis is given to any initial error in direction. To illustrate this most forcibly, it is as well, as in most cases of the kind, to take a very extreme instance. Let us suppose, for sake of the argument, that two players drive directly at right angles to the true line, that one could drive rooyds. only and the other 200yds. The latter would obviously finish twice as far off the line as the other, although their initial error was the same. A man who drives twice as far as another has twice his chances of crookedness, therefore the longer driver should be given a wider margin for error than the short, though it is a mathematically just concession which the shorter will not be very ready to permit him.



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## THE NINTH TEE.

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## VARDON AND BRAID IN THE NORTH.

HARRY VARDON has been suffering rather heavily at the hands of Braid, the champion, in their Northern tour. At Dornoch Braid beat him by five and four to play, and at Ballater, where they met on the occasion of the extension of the course to eighteen holes, Braid was again the victor, and by a bigger margin—six up and five. Taking these results in connection with yet another hammering which the Scot gave the Jerseyman just before going North, we are driven to the inference that for the time being, at all events, the former has his foot on the other's neck. It may be only for a time, and, of course, Vardon has had his day, a more glorious day than any other man, when his foot was on the neck of all the others; but one cannot but feel sorry for him that he should have to endure these defeats. He has struggled so bravely against his ill-health, and is still struggling, still playing so finely. Perhaps there is no other man but Braid who could give him such hard treatment even now. We could wish that Taylor had been in a "triangular duel" with them, for he is the only other at all able to dispute the supremacy which Braid is establishing. Maybe he would not dispute it successfully, but the attempt would be very well worth seeing.

## WARS OF THE ROSES.

There was a good deal of interesting professional golf not quite so far North during the same week. The Lancashire and Yorkshire professionals engaged in a team match, which was won by the former county, although the most interesting of the individual matches were won by Yorkshire players, the match, namely, in which Ray beat Renouf (both these, by the by, are Jerseymen, compatriots of the Vardons), and that in which Herd beat Hills. It is noticeable, too, that Ray is put, in this match, as leading the Yorkshire side, with Herd in second place to him. The Ganton course, where Ray is, in succession to Harry Vardon, is to be congratulated that it has had two men of such calibre as its resident professionals. In foursome play Ray and Herd again beat Renouf and Hills. In their section for the *News of the World* Tournament Qualifying Competition, Ray headed the list at his native (by adoption) Ganton, and Renouf was equal with Pulford for the last qualifying place, and won on playing off. These men of Jersey are very strong. Very many years ago there I can remember Renouf, then a mere boy, as a demon putter.

## EXTENSION OF COURSES IN SCOTLAND.

The extension of courses in Scotland is quite remarkable. Ballater, as mentioned above, was honoured on the day of the opening of its extension by this Braid and Vardon match. Bielside, to which Vardon went shortly after, is only a two year old course. It is, needless to say, in Aberdeenshire, and

full eighteen holes' length. Stonehaven, too, where Braid was playing Archie Simpson, has been lengthened, and on the 23rd Vardon and Herd played an exhibition match at Kingussie, and on this occasion Vardon laid out an extension there, which will bring this course also up to the eighteen holes of regulation size. The links of the chain will soon join.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

## AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES.

THE speeches at golf club dinners are generally found to be by no means the least important part of the evening's entertainment. Their interest to the general body of listeners is dependent not so much upon the matter of which they are compounded as on the manner in which they are delivered. That observation is unquestionably trite enough to be true of most after-dinner oratory, but it is especially true of all the speeches that should be delivered at a social function connected with the affairs of a golf club. Neither politics nor religion affords the orator a wide, if insecure, basis upon which to stand. He cannot develop theories affecting the well-being of the State, nor may he adorn his eloquence in setting out upon his rhetorical exercise by hanging his discursiveness on the peg of the preacher's text. These and similar topics of serious import to the community are ruled out by a wise general consensus of opinion. They are taboo, and the casual adornment of a speech which draws upon either of these subjects, even by way of illustration, is watched with the strained interest of the audience who scrutinise a difficult juggling trick, and are painfully conscious that it may end in the dire failure of the operator and his public mortification.

There is but one topic that the after-dinner speaker at a golf gathering may handle. It is the virtues of the game which we all play, and the green which has ever been the supremest source of everyone's enjoyment. Whether the speaker treats the subject well or ill, daintily or awkwardly, is another matter. There is his limitation marked out for him, and within the bounds prescribed he has to essay its treatment with all the mental dexterity at his command, and to embellish it with what graces of learning and humour the drudgery of a hard and busy life have still enabled



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## SHERINGHAM: THE SEVENTEENTH GREEN.

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him to preserve. The very narrowness of the theme makes the effort to handle it really well extremely difficult. That is one reason, perhaps, why the majority of after-dinner speakers in treating of the game handle it with a solemnity and diffuseness which are, above all things, the qualities which should be absent from their speeches. Golf may be a solemn and stately game to play in its perfection, but to speak of it at the club dinner in tones which echo a kind of funereal regret is assuredly not the spirit in which the subject should be approached. Yet one is often compelled to listen to speaker after speaker pitching all his references to the game in the major key, and beating out his intellectual matter more thin than the refined dexterity of the gold-beater enables him to send out to the world the gossamer-looking leaf of his trade.

There can be no doubt that the essential quality of all golf club after-dinner speeches should be humour. The tone and touch of the speaking generally should be light and jocund, as befits not only the game and the men and women who play it, but as a fair effort to represent the prevailing changes of feeling which animate first one player and then the other as a hard match is being fought to its close. It is also a capital offence against the sweet reasonableness which should inspire the amenities of a golf club gathering to make the speeches long. They should be short and crisp, like the dashing ease and buoyancy of touch shown by a skilled piano player in running his fingers over a brilliantly executed prelude. If the chairman should unhappily make a long speech, there is no reason why the receiver of the cup or the medal should try to outdo him in stringing a hundred commonplaces together designed to show how unworthy he is to receive such an honour. Somewhere about one hundred years ago an old Scottish secretary of a golf club was entertained at dinner by the members and received a silver cup in recognition of his long and valuable services. He got up to reply, and recited a speech that had been carefully prepared. Halfway through he floundered badly, and his memory played him false under the excitement of his novel situation. It then dawned upon the members who were listening to him that he was reciting poetry. The secretary made an heroic effort to be sentimental and emotional, and the more he persevered in the attempt the more the members laughed at him. The laughter was provoked not so much by the stumbling emotional poetry of the secretary as by a jape that one of the

members played upon him. The secretary had a habit when on his legs speaking at the dinners of stirring his tumbler of liquor with an old-fashioned toddy ladle. The speaker lost hold of the ladle for a moment, and one of the members sitting next to him put in his hand his own half-smoked tobacco pipe; and the stirring of the tumbler of toddy with the pipe while the orator was pouring forth the sentiments of his heart while asking "But whence this honour?" was the cause of all the merriment with which the long and serious poetical effusion of the secretary was received. . . . That instance is a warning against long and serious after-dinner speeches. A case of the biter being bit was afforded at another of those old-time club dinners; it also illustrates how pithily effective a very brief speech can be. Mr. Aitchison, a famous Edinburgh brewer, and a well-known golfer, once proposed a prize-winner's health. It was an old custom in bygone days in the Scottish clubs that members of the council when transacting club business were allowed to have "free drinks." The potion was invariably good Scots whisky, and Mr. Aitchison made a fanciful calculation of the number of hogs heads of whisky this particular member of the council must have drunk during his long years of office. The number was enumerated amid general laughter. Then came the retort from the prize-winner: "I do not know where Mr. Aitchison got his figures, but this I am quite sure of, that if I had drank as much of his beer as he says I have done of whisky, I would not be here to tell the tale!"

#### THE SHERINGHAM LINKS.

OUR illustrations this week show some points of beauty in connection with the golf course at Sheringham. The course of eighteen holes is situated along the edge of the cliff, and is 200ft. above the level of the sea. Its high situation makes the game interesting as well as difficult, for the winds that blow at Sheringham are often very high, as well as very troublesome to a player uncertain of his shots. But the situation is full of beauty as to its surroundings, while the bracing qualities of the air cannot be excelled at any other seaside resort. The links are close to the town and the railway station. The character of the ground is undulating, and the hazards are sand bunkers, whins, and hedges. The turf is short and crisp alike in summer and winter, for the soil beneath is sandy. In addition to the golf links there is much that is otherwise attractive to the visitor in the neighbourhood of this most picturesque Norfolk fishing village four miles west of Cromer. Visitors to the green are charged 10s. a week, 2s. 6d. a day, and £1 a week during August and September. A. J. ROBERTSON.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### AUGUST LAMBS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Well known as the Isle of Wight is for its very early lambing season, it is rare, indeed, to find lambs in any number in the second week in August. The photograph of a number of lambs, some only a day or two old, and some nearly a week old, was taken on Saturday afternoon on a neighbouring farm. There were some twenty lambs, and more were expected. In the opinion of the old shepherd this constitutes a record. I think the photograph may be of interest to your readers.—G. T. D.

### A TAME DIPPER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As the dipper, or water-ousel, is so seldom to be observed on an intimate footing, some notes I was able to make recently on a hand-reared specimen may be of interest to your readers; but I ought to remark that I was in no way responsible for the capture of the bird, an act I would not defend, although I saw no harm in buying it for the purpose of study. I found it an extremely tame little creature; it would let anyone stroke it, and seemed pleased by this attention, and it was remarkably free from fear of strange objects. It would sit on the hand a little while, but disliked being held in it. Its former owner had sometimes let it run in the garden, and it never tried to escape, although able to fly perfectly. But when I made the experiment it nearly flew over the wall, being stopped by some netting, so that afterwards I only ventured to let it run outside when its plumage was wetted by a bath. This, of course, ought not to have been the case, the loss of the water-resisting power in an aquatic bird being always a symptom of some derangement, which may, of course, be only temporary. I noticed when thus let out that the bird was constantly picking up some very small article of food, and on putting my face close to it I discovered that this food was aphides, which had dropped from some trees above. In eating the food I gave it, also, it did not seem inclined to take large mouthfuls. This food, I may mention, was chiefly dried insects, ants' cocoons, and dried flies, given in a tin of water. I also gave it minnows when it gaped for food—which it often did when not really wanting any—and it would swallow them readily enough. The indigestible portions were rejected in castings, after



the manner of the kingfisher, so that anyone wishing to enquire into the habitual food of this bird has only to find its perching-place and look for these dejecta. The late Mr. A. D. Bartlett of the Zoo, like the careful observer he was, noted this habit in some dippers kept three years ago, and also the fact that these birds run like starlings and swim like ducks, both of which points I was able to observe in this specimen. In this connection it is somewhat remarkable to find Macgillivray, usually a most accurate observer, stating that "the dipper is by no means a walking bird; even on land I have never seen it move more than a few steps, which it accomplished by a kind of leaping motion." He goes on to say that its short legs and curved claws are very ill adapted for running; but they are really very similar to those of a thrush, and how he got the idea of the bird's awkwardness ashore I cannot imagine, unless he only saw it on rough, pebbly ground, where it might be obliged to hop. This bird of mine certainly never did so. Two points about it I do not find noticed elsewhere. One is that it roosted on a perch, standing on one leg, with its head tucked in over the shoulder, like any other small bird. Considering the localities the species frequents, and the fact that it was not very nimble on perches,

especially when turning round, I rather expected that it would have preferred to squat in a corner at night. The other is that it blinks continually, lowering the upper eyelid, which is conspicuous, being clothed with tiny white feathers, like an owl, whereas most birds wink with the almost imperceptible nictitating membrane, or third eyelid, and move the true eyelids seldom, and chiefly the lower one. Why the dipper should in this respect resemble such an utterly different bird as an owl is difficult to understand. When resting during the day, it always retired to the back of the cage; but it was pretty constantly on the move. I have had it loose in a room for an hour, and it was hardly ever still. Although so tame, it was ready to learn caution. On first showing it a small mirror, it drew itself up, flicked its wings, and started to sing; but, after flying against a large one, it showed distinct alarm at its own image in the smaller glass.—FRANK FINN.

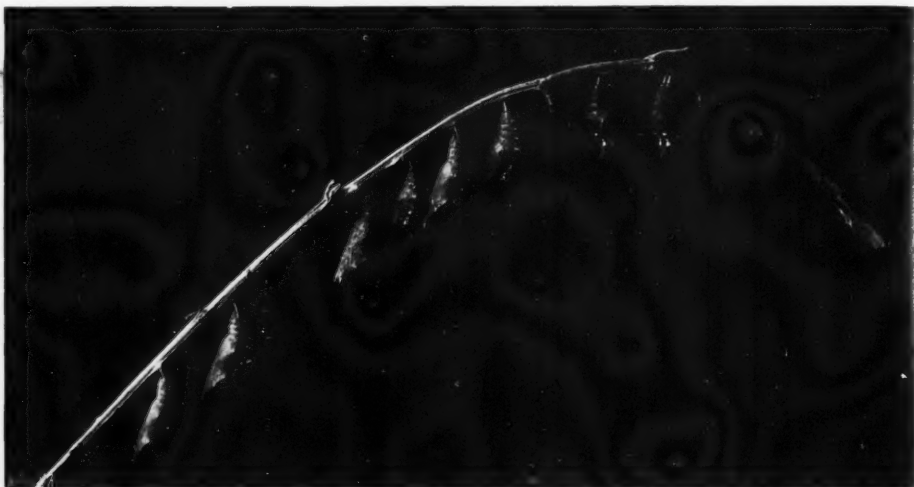
#### A WELL-LADEN TWIG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."] SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a twig bearing a particularly fine group of chrysalides of *Vanessa polychloros*—the large tortoiseshell butterfly. I took them this summer in the New Forest, and, needless to add, they have all hatched out by now. The photograph shows clearly how they prefer to turn their ventral or spiky surface away from the twig to which they are attached; they are represented about seven-eighths natural size.—IVAN C. MEDEAN.

#### ARGENTINE CATTLE AND ALDERNEY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."] SIR,—As one with an extended experience of cattle-raising in the Argentine, and an acquaintance with the special condition of the Channel Islands in regard to this scheme, may I be allowed to say a word or two to allay the fears of those engaged in cattle-producing in England. It is first of all assumed by your article of August 4th that foot-and-mouth disease is rife all over Argentina, and that it is certain to be carried to Alderney in an early cargo. As a matter of fact, the disease is and always has been confined to a small district west of Buenos Ayres, while in the big cattle ranges of the other parts of the Republic it is unknown. I have met hundreds of men who have spent their lives in the cattle trade in all parts of the country, and who have never seen a case. When the enormous area of Argentina (1,200,000 square miles, or as large as England, France, and Spain) is taken into account, and it is known that the disease is isolated in one small corner, it will be seen that the danger of conveyance of infection is nothing like as great as exists in Europe, where the disease is always endemic. The mere fact of the breeders in the Argentine paying such fabulous prices for stock from the English herds—2,600 guineas for a bull and 1,450 guineas for a sheep—is proof enough that the risk there is considered very small. The Animal Sanitary Act of the Argentine Republic is the most stringent in the world, and that it is enforced has been proved by the recent action of the Minister of Agriculture

that the risks arising from the proximity of the North Coast of France, where the disease is always prevalent, must be infinitely greater. Hundreds of ships and thousands of passengers pass weekly. Hay and straw from the infected fields are used by the ton in England. Garden produce of all kinds and poultry—one of the subtlest vehicles of infection—are imported



in immense quantities, and yet no case of disease has been known to result. All this should aid in proving that the danger is always a very remote one, and with reasonable precautions may be said to be non-existent. Regarding the position of the Channel Islands in the matter; in the first place, their geographical situation seems to be very much misunderstood by all writers on this subject. Alderney, a very small island, is about forty-five miles from Jersey, with no means of regular communication, and it is very doubtful if one ship or even a fishing-boat passes from one to the other in a year, while Guernsey, which has twenty miles of sea, or as far as from Dover to Calais, between it and Alderney, has a small weekly service. I am bound to say that the breeders of Guernsey and Jersey, with their knowledge of the situation, do not see the terrible dangers which the English Board of Agriculture and the newspapers seem to see for them. The trade in Channel-Island cattle is also much magnified. Alderney has 900 head of all ages, and no export at all, not having a Herd Book, and therefore no pedigree to its stock. Jersey exports an average (over three years) of 1,868 head, of an average value of £15 11s., the bulk of which go to Denmark, and are not affected by this question. Guernsey's annual export is 310, average value £20, and of these more than two-thirds go to the United States; so that to say "many thousands of their cattle are imported by us annually" is a slight over-statement of the case. Still the trade, such as it is, is dear to the islanders, and as I have said, the breeders do not see the dangers which the Board of Agriculture pretends to, and think it a very grave injustice that the islands should be grouped as though they were one country, when they are further away from each other than England is from France, and with a thousand times less communication. As a practical

man it appears to me, thus, that the possibility of disease being imported into Alderney from Argentine is of the very remotest, and if it is imported the danger of its spreading from there is not one bit greater than, in fact not so great as, it is from the French Coast, with its constant traffic and nearness to England.—ANGLO-ARGENTINE.

#### THE RESTORATION OF FAIRNILEE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."] SIR,—In your interesting description of Traquair House in *COUNTRY LIFE* of August 11th, you state that Fairnilee is being restored by Mr. T. Craig-Brown of Selkirk. This is an error. It is being restored by Mr. A. F. Roberts of Selkirk, the proprietor of the estate of Fairnilee.—ARCHD. JOHNSTONE.

#### A MOON RAINBOW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."] SIR,—I have never had the fortune to see a moon rainbow, but if your correspondent will refer to Robert Browning's "Christmas Eve," Canto VI., he will find the "glorious thing" described once for all in the master's verse, that those who have not seen may yet know.—R. M.

#### AN OAST-HOUSE INTERIOR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."] SIR,—The accompanying photograph may be all the more interesting to your readers in that hop-growing is decreasing, and many of the present generation—in Sussex,

for instance—have never seen what was a familiar enough sight to their fathers, namely, the drying of the hops in the conical-roofed oast-houses, the first stage in the process of turning them into beer. The fragrance of such heaps as are shown in the picture is delicious, and the work is ideal for the delicate constitution or those who suffer from sleeplessness. It is sad to hear the disappointing rumours coming in just now of a poor crop this year.—F. G.



in prohibiting the exportation of all cattle owing to a slight outbreak in a cargo of sheep bound to Brazil. During the past year hundreds of cargoes of Argentine sheep have been landed in Antwerp without a single case of disease being discovered, and although in most cases the ships conveying these sheep have proceeded with the remainder of their cargoes to English ports, no evil has resulted. It must be obvious to any unprejudiced person